

DISABLED OFFICERS AND THE LAND.
CAMBRIDGE AFTER THE WAR (Illustrated). By Bernard Darwin.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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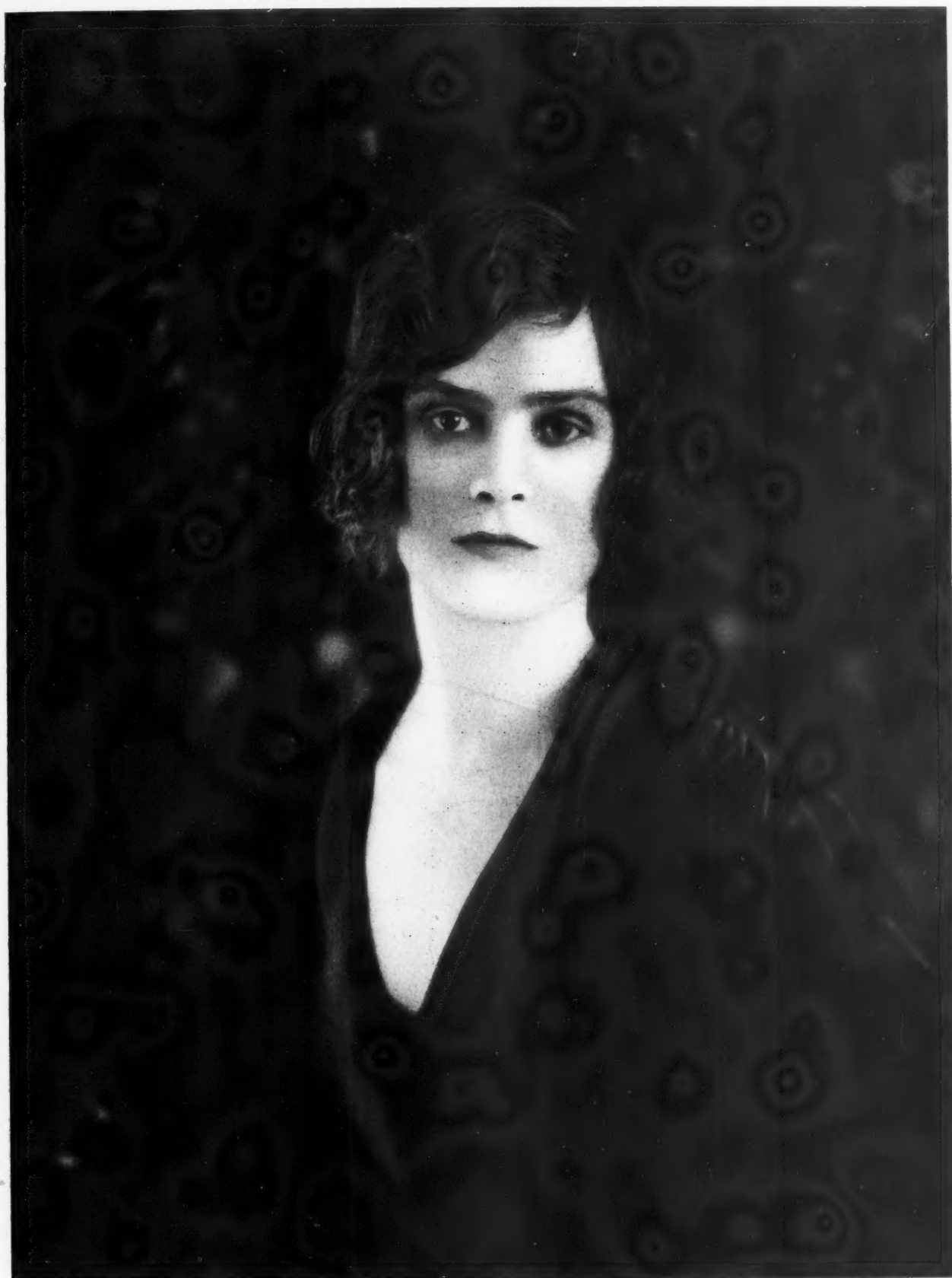
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. We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS AT THE FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed and no postage need be paid.

THE INDUSTRIAL PEACE CONFERENCE

THE calling together of a great Industrial Parliament ought to clear the air. At present it is thick with misunderstanding. From the ordinary, common-sense point of view it seems unreasonable, even absurd, that Labour should expect a heavy increase of wages and a diminution of working hours just after an exhausting war. But the very causes which make the ordinary citizen take this view operate in producing an exactly opposite line of thought to the trade unionist. War for him has meant a time of unprecedented prosperity. He had but to ask and he received; to knock and the door was opened. The war had to be carried on, and any concession was thought justifiable if it ended in speeding up production. He probably does not realise that the prosperity was false. The high wages were paid from borrowed money. As long as the war lasted, and even after, the country kept on incurring debts unparalleled in the previous history of the world. In any heart to heart talk with the representatives of Labour the financial situation of the country should be made apparent to them. They are as much concerned as the rest of us in rebuilding the national industries. One industry hangs upon another, and some are absolutely vital to national welfare.

If, for example, the price of coal had to be raised appreciably beyond the high point already attained, there is scarcely an industry in the country that would not suffer by it.

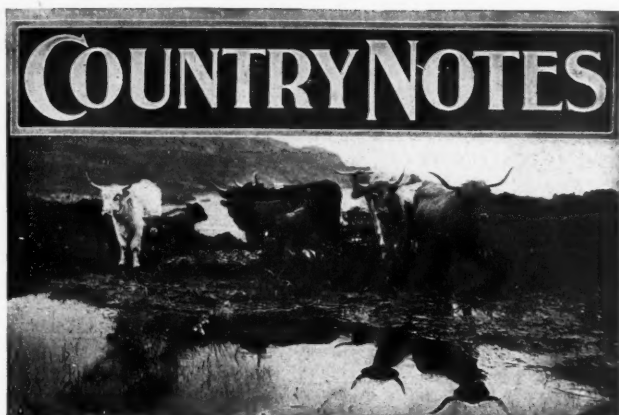
But probably the difficulty of the Conference will arise from the fact that the miner does not look at that side of the question. At present the coal miner, whom we take merely as an example of the rest, has fixed his attention on the profits which he alleges to be made by Capital. His argument is that the distribution is unfair. What the Conference should do, therefore, is to show in an indisputable manner the apportionment of the price realised by the coal, that is to say, the prices paid by the consumer. Employers will do well not only to submit to this, but to welcome the proposal. It lies at the back of the policy of nationalising the mines which has taken a considerable hold on the imagination of the working classes. The idea they have is that, if the mines were the property of the State, there would be no such huge profits to Capital as are given now, and therefore there would be more to divide among the workers. But that opens up a very wide question indeed. It is the advantage of Capital that it will go into an enterprise without immediate reward, whereas the worker must have his daily wage whether success or failure attend the undertaking. Because of the risk and delay to be faced the capitalist considers himself entitled to a good share of the profit. There never was in this country a more spontaneous desire to give Labour its due than there is to-day. Its own interests demand that Capital must have similar justice. The elements of risk and delay can be reduced to expression in the terms of pounds, shillings and pence. The amount is not incalculable. What is most essential is that Labour, on the one hand, should not be checked in its legitimate aspirations towards greater comfort and more time for the enjoyment of life, and that Capital, on the other hand, while precluded from claiming such a return as leaves too little for the workers, should at the same time be rewarded in a way that would not frighten Capital out of business. Production, if it be counted from the very first step until the money is handed over by the consumer, is invariably a long process. In the simplest of all arts, that of agriculture, Capital must be prepared to maintain Labour, to lay out money liberally on stock, manure, seeds, cultivation and so on, and yet not to expect any return for a year.

These are only a few considerations arising at a first glance. It is all to the good that they will be fairly considered and worked out by representatives of employers and employed. In a general way we would expect very good results from the course adopted by the Government. British labour is not of itself unreasonable. It has fought its way out of a difficult into an easier position, and cannot be blamed for wishing to maintain the progress. Were that all, good feeling and a concession here and there on both sides would lead to industrial peace. But it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the Trades Unions for the time being are more or less under the influence of extremists, such as to-day are called Bolsheviks and Anarchists yesterday. These men are hypnotised by a desire to change the whole social structure of civilisation. They complicate a problem which should be attacked with confidence and vigour. It is not the essential business of the moment to deal with particular strikes, but to set up an organisation which shall make strikes impossible. What we want is a counterpart of the League of Nations; in other words, an Industrial League which will put an end for ever to industrial war. The task is not easy. It involves a fearless laying bare of the sore, an exposure of facts and figures regardless whether they tell for one party to the controversy or another. The preliminary is a study of facts, those on which the capitalist relies for the defence and those on which the worker bases his attack. A surgical operation may have to follow, but that will be borne if it promises to save the patient's life.

Our Frontispiece

WE print as frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE a portrait of Lady Rosemary Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, only daughter of the fourth Duke of Sutherland and sister of the present Duke. The engagement of Lady Rosemary Sutherland-Leveson-Gower to Viscount Ednam, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Dudley, has recently been announced.

. It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



LIEUTENANT GEORGES TRUFFAUT, who has been appointed Director-General of Army Gardens on the French Front, has just been paying a visit to this country. The most essential part of his work is in regard to "the special needs and methods in vegetable growing of the British and American nationalities," and he is at present busy with the work of organisation. There is little need to emphasise the great importance of persevering with the Army gardens. The alternative to doing so would be either a great scarcity of food or a huge expense on the part of Great Britain and America. Whether or not the German complaints are exaggerated, it is certain that the population in the occupied countries will have very great difficulty in producing food for their own use, so that the armies of occupation cannot calculate on obtaining supplies locally. It is estimated that the needs of the American Army alone may be taken as amounting to one hundred tons of vegetables per day, and this weight will be doubled in the case of the British Army. This estimate does not include potatoes. The growing of fresh vegetables has been undertaken by the British Army in France, as far as its own line of communication is concerned, but it is obvious that production should be augmented by every means possible. The problem is complicated by the difficulty of finding tonnage. Lieutenant Truffaut says that if it were possible for the agricultural sectors at the front to produce upon the spot sufficient potatoes and green vegetables for feeding the troops, the economy effected would be represented by a daily saving of two thousand truckloads of foodstuffs. This is allowing for the Allied Armies a minimum consumption of one pound per man per day, a loading of five tons only of vegetables per truck, and an outward and return journey of four days.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, whose death is announced at the age of seventy-eight, was the greatest of French Canadians and a statesman of world-wide fame. In this country his was a familiar figure, and many opportunities were afforded of listening to his oratory. He had a natural gift of eloquence which was enhanced rather than otherwise by the imperfection of his English. The softness and flexibility of his voice appeared to fit in exactly with the slightly foreign accent. During the war he cut no great figure mainly because old age had crept upon him and undermined his physical energy. Moreover, although a devoted citizen of the Empire, he, at his age, found it impossible to bring himself round to the necessity of conscription. Sir Robert Borden would gladly have had him as a colleague in the United Canadian Government, but, although Sir Wilfrid Laurier was sensitively and scrupulously careful not to do anything which, in his opinion, would have a weakening effect upon the Empire, he did not care to act with those who had adopted a policy against which he had during his whole life protested. He managed to do this, however, without falling into any mere partisanship, and whatever view may be taken of the controversies in which he was engaged during a long and active life, there is no doubt that he leaves the scene with unchanged reputation as a loyal son of the Empire.

SOME doubt appears to be felt as to what should be done with the trawlers built by the Government to supplement the Fleet in being. No hesitation has been felt in regard to disposing of those that were commandeered to their original owners, and it appears to us that a similar course should be followed with the others. Nobody in the war had a more dreary and dangerous task than that of the mine-sweepers, who in all conditions of weather performed their task in the North Sea and more distant waters. The

safety of many of our ships and of the lives of the men on them is due to the work of the mine-sweepers. That it was dangerous need not be repeated. It was also dull and forbidding work because, so to speak, the mine-sweeper was always on the defensive. Men on a destroyer were sustained in tasks scarcely less arduous than mine-sweeping—looking out for submarines, for example—and were excited by the prospect, however remote, of finding the enemy and engaging him in battle. The business of the mine-sweeper was to clear the sea of the deadly engines of destruction sown by the Germans in the channels and routes traversed by ships. The men, dogged and fearless, unflinchingly kept at their posts, and now, when the time has come for them to return to peaceful avocations, it would be just and graceful and right to give them a prior claim to the purchase of these vessels. We cannot see any possible doubt on the matter at all, and the country would be sadly disappointed if the Government failed to carry out its wishes in this respect.

A CASE of considerable interest to gardeners and farmers came, on appeal, before the King's Bench Division on Monday. The defendant was sued in the following circumstances. Ten apple trees belonging to his neighbour overhung his garden. They were Bramley's Seedlings and, of course, valuable. He picked several bushels of these apples and sold them, whereupon the owner brought an action against him. His defence was based on the well known right to lop any trees the branches of which hang over into another man's property. If he had the right to lop the branches, he argued that there was an equal right to take the apples from them. But Mr. Justice Avory dismissed the appeal. He pointed out that the right to lop was that of abating a nuisance on his land, but gave him no claim to the property. On the same principle the owner of a garden is entitled to shoot or otherwise kill any domestic animal which trespasses on his ground and destroys the produce; but, supposing he slays a pig or a sheep on that ground, he is not entitled to sell the meat. In other words, the original owner has not forfeited his ownership. Mr. Justice Avory gave it as his opinion that "as soon as the apples were severed from the realty, having been the plaintiff's property before they were severed, they remained the plaintiff's property after they were severed, and the plaintiff had the right at once to possession." In this case law and common-sense are found, for once, in agreement.

THE BANKS O' THE ESK.

Gin I were where the rowans hang
 Their berried heids beside the river,
 I'd hear the water slip along,
 The rowan-leaves abune me shiver;
 An' winds frae Angus hills wad sail
 To blaw me dreams owre peat an' gale.*
 An' blawn frae youth, thae dreams o' mine
 Wad find me, tho' the rowans hide me,
 They'd flit like houllats grey, an' syne
 They'd fauld their wings an' licht beside me;
 And aye the mair content I'd be
 The closer that they cam' to me.
 Beside the Esk I'd lay me doon
 Atween the rowans an' its windin',
 An' gin its waters rase to droun
 A weary carle, I'd no' be mindin'.
 For I wad sleip, ma wandrin' past,
 Upon yon bank o' dreams at last.

* Bog-myrtle.

VIOLET JACOB.

A STRIKING testimony to the advantage of open-air treatment is afforded by a statement of the doings in the war of the ex-patients from the King's Sanatorium, Midhurst. No fewer than 126 joined the Army. Of these 9 were killed, 35 relapsed with tubercle owing to the vicissitudes of the war, and 75 came through the war alive and well. Of these 1 received the C.B., 4 the D.S.O., and 3 were mentioned in despatches. This is a record for consumptive patients that must be of the highest encouragement to anyone stricken in this way, besides affording remarkable evidence of the advantage of an open-air life. Abundance of fresh air is the key to a successful treatment of tuberculous patients. This is becoming known far and wide through the arrangement by which local authorities can send patients in the village or hamlet to a sanatorium where they can have the best possible treatment and advice. But there can be few instances of a sanatorium like the King's Sanatorium, Midhurst, exposing consumptive patients to a

trial so searching as that of taking part in the hardest war ever fought and coming out with the record of which we have given a summary.

POIGNANT regret will be felt at the news that Sir Mark Sykes has just died in Paris from pneumonia following influenza. He was still in the prime of his manhood; indeed, he would not have reached his fortieth birthday until next month, and already he had raised himself to a position of unique influence. The lure of the East tempted him early, and on Eastern matters there was no greater authority. It was he who drew up for General Allenby that famous proclamation to the people of Baghdad issued after the taking of the city. He was of a very many sided character, and was on the way to high distinction in other quarters than that of Oriental knowledge. During the South African war he showed himself a brilliant soldier, and afterwards must have found himself in a very congenial atmosphere when appointed Private Secretary to Mr. George Wyndham. He was a good speaker, and at the last Election carried his constituency of Central Hull by an overwhelming majority. In private life he was amusing to a very high degree. A sketch of Sir Mark Sykes in Parliament is printed on page 202.

WHEN will borough councils and other local authorities learn to realise how valuable an asset they possess in the existence of ancient buildings in their midst? The reflection is suggested by the latest attacks aimed against Archbishop Whitgift's Hospital of the Holy Trinity at Croydon. The town can very ill afford to dispense with any of its antiquities, of which, indeed, after the lamentable destruction of the parish church by fire in the last century, it contains but two of any note, viz., the remains of the Archiepiscopal manor (now an orphanage in the charge of a community of Anglican Sisters) and the aforesaid Whitgift Hospital. The latter, consisting of a quadrangle built of brick with stone dressings, is of a character amazingly early for its date—1597. Beside the necessary dwellings for the almsfolk it comprises a hall and a chapel, the latter having extraordinarily good Gothic window tracery. The hospital has repeatedly been threatened of late years, but one had hoped that, thanks to the exertions of Mr. John Burns and others, its safety was assured. It seems, however, that its enemies are inveterate, and that they have seized the occasion of a war memorial project to press once again for the demolition, or, rather, mutilation, of the hospital. The promoters of the scheme desire to demolish the southern and western ranges of the quadrangle, and to convert the rest into a war museum. It is urged that the proposal, if carried out, would have the advantage of broadening the roadway; but if only the commonplace shops on the opposite side of the street were pulled down, the requisite extra width of road could be obtained without interfering with Archbishop Whitgift's picturesque and historic almshouses.

IN a rather plaintive note Mr. A. H. Charlton, the Secretary, explains the circumstances in which the Shire Horse Show will be held this year again at Newmarket. Fain would the Society have returned to their old quarters at the Royal Agricultural Hall, and when the war terminated they tried, but tried in vain, to induce the military authorities to make room for them. They suggested that the contemplated show of aircraft, however interesting and remunerative it might be in itself, was not, at the present moment, of such national importance as the series of horse shows. But the military authorities would not dance, charm the horse-show-man never so wisely. So the Show is to be held in the Park Paddocks at Newmarket, where there are excellent arrangements, except for one little drawback. It is well enough to have two hundred permanent loose-boxes, plenty of room for a judging ring, and first-rate railway facilities; but not so very convincing is the comfort of Mr. Charlton "that horses need only be exposed to the weather for a short period," and his hope that exhibitors will bear with the minor inconveniences of a show in the open at this time of year. "Minor inconveniences" looks an excellent phrase at the moment of writing, when a cold wind is blowing from the north-east and driving snowflakes in front of it.

PEACE, when it ultimately comes, will be celebrated in many ways, but probably in none more picturesque than the great chain of bonfires for which the Boy Scouts are already making preparations. They have been bidden to seek out the more far-seen hill-tops, obtain the leave of the owners for their use, and begin to collect materials in their trek-carts. That they will throw their whole hearts into the task no one can doubt. General Baden-Powell

has once again shown his genius for combining the public service with something that shall fire the boys' imagination and give scope to their passionate delight in make-believe. Many grown-ups must often have felt inclined to envy the Boy Scouts as they crawl so romantically attired along the edge of some mysterious wood. Now we shall envy them more than ever. For what can be more romantic than a bonfire? We have all at some time loved the "Armada" and thrilled over "Cape beyond Cape, in endless range those twinkling points of fire." And when next there was some rubbish to burn in the garden, we fancied ourselves to be the sentinel on Whitehall Gate or the burghers of Carlisle, while the Spanish galleons rode in the duckpond over the way.

AN interesting insight into the minds of children was lately given in an address by Dr. C. W. Kimmins on children's dreams. Dr. Kimmins is the Chief Inspector to the London Education Committee, and so has had a large choice of dreams to work upon: some written down by the children themselves, others dictated by them to their teachers. It is good to hear that dreams of fairies have largely superseded those of ghosts, for it shows that people realise more and more the wickedness of frightening children, and the enduring harm that may be done long after the cause of the original fright has been forgotten. One really admirable dream is recorded, that of a baker's little son of five years old: "I was in a loaf of bread and a German cut it into little bits and saw me. I flew away; I had wings on me." This seems to us almost a model dream. There is the thrill of excitement, the defeat of the enemy and the delightful relief of a happy ending. Moreover, there is not a superfluous word in the narrative. The fact, as Dr. Kimmins found, that the descriptive power of small children is very limited, is a blessing in disguise if it produces such terseness.

RE-ACTION.

(JANUARY, 1919.)

Rainbow of Hope, that rose upon
A world of tears,
When Peace like sudden sunlight shone
Through cloudy fears!

Why fade so swiftly from the skies?
What terror nears?
Has Peace no more her brightness, eyes
No more their tears?

F. W. BOURDILLON.

A MOMENT'S thought only is needed to produce a general endorsement of the appeal to the Government made over the signatures of Sir Edward Poynter, Mr. Sargent, Miss Jekyll, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Buckle and others who, now that the war is over, hope that the temporary buildings in Burton Court may be removed. Burton Court is part of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and forms part of its grounds. But most people will be more concerned with the general than with the particular question. The signatories to the letter describe several directions in which these erections are injurious to London. They include the exclusion of the neighbouring children from favourite playgrounds, and they render the parks and grounds less attractive and, therefore, less capable of fulfilling their mission of being the lungs of London. Open spaces in cities cannot truly be regarded as luxuries, certainly not at this time of day when the maintenance of public health is an object of general and keen solicitude. Apart altogether from the æsthetic point of view, they afford breathing spaces and air and light.

WE are glad to see that Mr. John Drinkwater's fine play, "Abraham Lincoln," is being produced this week in London at the Repertory Theatre at Hammersmith, which Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Nigel Playfair are hoping to make a permanent institution. Mr. Drinkwater's play was produced a few months ago at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, which, since its foundation in 1913, has done so very much to foster and stimulate the best features of dramatic art. During the war the Birmingham company have produced plays by authors as varied as Molière, Ben Jonson, W. B. Yeats, J. M. Synge and Griboyedof. A theatre such as this does immense service to the community in bringing before them plays that are not obliged to stand the test of whether or no they will endure a long run and so prove a commercial success. To the actor there can scarcely be any school as good as that to be found in a Repertory Theatre conducted by men who really have a love for the theatre and all that is best in it. Most of the great actors of the last generation learned their art in the stock companies.

DISABLED OFFICERS AND THE LAND

IN the current number of "The Nineteenth Century," Mrs. Dott, wife of the Vicar of Dringhouses in Yorkshire, outlines a scheme for partially disabled officers which is being worked out on the Yorkshire moors and might advantageously be adopted in other parts of the country. The scheme is simple and practical. Mrs. Dott and her husband gave nine houses and a piece of land in Goathland for the purpose of forming a small colony. Each house is built of stone; the most commodious have five bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, a bath-room and a kitchen. It is suggested that each officer should pay a small rent of 5s. a week to form a fund for repairs, any surplus being allocated to the help of the expense of a naval cadetship for a son of one of the officers. The object is to help those who would otherwise have had to depend on a pension and to put them in the way of adding to income by means of such country pursuits as they may choose. A main point is that those who are suffering mentally or physically from wounds, shell-shock or the strain of war, should have the opportunity of recovering strength by a life on the wholesome moorland. But idleness not being conducive to nervous or physical recovery, it has been arranged that they shall have the option of several occupations which will serve the double purpose of providing them with a daily interest and adding to the resources of the country. In helping themselves they will help their neighbours. Of the majority of these men it may be presumed that they are better educated and more efficiently trained than the average peasant. Few would think of accepting the offer unless they had some previous knowledge of country pursuits, or, at any rate, a personal liking for them, which in most cases would be reinforced by medical advice. That being the case, it would be easy for their trained minds to get hold of the latest and soundest methods and to apply them with success. The example would be excellent, and one may be sure that some would take pleasure in casually or systematically imparting some of their knowledge to their neighbours. Were a co-operative scheme put into force they would do this all the more energetically, for the success of co-operation means an increase of production.

More important even than that is the fact that a nucleus of educated men and women would be able to infuse into their neighbours the true spirit of co-operation. Here, as elsewhere, the ideal is at least as important as the actual co-operation as its full meaning is far more than an arrangement to buy and sell in combination. It is a link of help and brotherliness. "A. E." carries the idea still further. He looks to the formation of a co-operative state, and although that may be a touch of characteristic Utopianism, there is no reason why a small community should not be taught that the interest of the whole is greater than the interest of the individual. It includes the interest of the individual. Often it has occurred that the co-operative body has become a mere business association—what in a higher scale is called a syndicate. What we want it to be is an arrangement in which the principle of helping each other would be predominant. That is more than an ideal. It is business of the best kind. For example, it is a well known principle that to secure the best terms a large number of people should grow exactly the same kind of produce. Suppose it to be apples, the buyer always looks upon bulk as a great inducement. The small quantity of fruit grown on one little holding is not sufficient; but if so many unite that the crop is equal to that of a large orchard, it would be found that in many cases the buyers would come and purchase it on the trees, giving a price based on their doing the picking and transport. Railway companies will always give their best terms to the consignor who can send the largest quantity. Hence it would be to the interest of all to urge the laggard to get his fruit forward and have it of equal quality with the best. One need not pursue this further, because the other ways in which the prevalence of a true spirit of co-operation would be a general benefit will be apparent to every intelligent reader.

It will be asked what branches of cultivation could most advantageously be adopted in the circumstances outlined. Fruit growing is certainly one. It appeals strongly to the officer who seeks to get on the land. It does not involve much hard labour, and orchard work is as pleasant as any other form of cultivation. An acre or two of well chosen varieties of dessert and culinary apples could be easily planted and tended. Some years must elapse before a full return is obtained, but the difficulty of earning an immediate

livelihood can be got over by interplanting with currants and other bush fruit or growing strawberries. The Pensions Ministry is fully alive to all this and have made arrangements for giving practical instruction to those who have not previously been engaged in the industry. Already there are five centres where discharged officers can obtain training free. Poultry farming is also a calling that can be carried on to good purpose in connection with an orchard. As Mrs. Dott reminds us, "It is one specially suited to blinded men," and Sir Arthur Pearson has found it a popular occupation among the men trained at Regent's Park. A blinded officer from St. Dunstan's has already gone to the Goathland settlement for the purpose of starting a poultry farm. Fish breeding is a new but promising form of *la petite culture*. It has been shown in our pages that use has been found for reclaimed land in Belgium by forming fishponds, and reclamation as a whole is well worth the attention of disabled officers who are interested in it. The want they could supply is not that of labour. Everybody knows that the handicap to cheap modern reclamation of waste land is the lack of men who have studied the principles and practice involved. Here and there, at least, a disabled officer would find it an interesting and remunerative profession. We do not recommend it to all, or, in fact, to any except those who have received the rudiments of a scientific education. To them it would not be difficult to master the procedure and routine, and to any man who did so there would be plenty of opportunities in the immediate future of acting as adviser and director of reclamation. Yorkshire is showing a good example in the prosecution of this work, and within easy reach of Goathland there are many areas which might be dealt with. Rabbit breeding is another promising industry. It could be done at a minimum expense in a colony of small-holders, because it is unlikely that at the first any large number would take to it, although it is inseparable from small holdings on the Continent. As long as only a few adopted it, there would be a very considerable quantity of vegetable refuse available from those who were doing market gardening. No doubt it would be easy to arrange to obtain this in exchange for manure produced in the rabbit hutches, always supposing that everybody tries to work in the spirit of co-operation. Bee-keeping, again, is an ideal occupation for a partially disabled man. It is a very easily taught calling, and now that the Isle of Wight disease appears to be passing away it could be pursued with profit and advantage. An orchard is an excellent place in which to have an apiary, especially if there are stretches of heather in the neighbourhood. It would be rash at present to say what income is derivable from this source, because that would depend to a considerable extent on the crops grown, and the price of honey is not likely to remain for long as high as it is at present. Bee-keeping is capable of yielding a good income to an exceptionally enthusiastic and skilful hand at it, and even to those who have no special gift the hives after paying for their own keep would yield something to supplement the income and afford considerable pleasure and interest. Rural industries of an industrial kind should not be neglected. There is an idea that the Siberian sheep, on which Professor Cossar Ewart is at present experimenting, could be kept for the purpose of supplying a superior kind of tweed, such as is made, for example, at Otterburn in Northumberland, and at Lake, and Winterslow in Wiltshire. Osier growing and basket making offer a wide field for enterprise. Industries of this kind have already been started in various districts, and have been found to pay very well. Seed growing for gardens is another occupation for the exceptional man who has the inclination and ability to acquire specialist knowledge. He must not yield to the hallucination that anybody who grows vegetables can produce seeds. The advice commonly given to allotment holders that they should grow their own garden seeds is not altogether wise. The production of garden seeds calls for great skill and care. If these are not exerted the result is a great deal of hybridising where it was neither expected nor wanted and a deterioration of the stock. The expert lays himself out not only to maintain the vigour and purity of his seed, but to improve it. Still, there is nothing in his mystery which cannot be mastered by intelligence and application. It is not desirable that seed growing should be attempted on plots of land lying adjacent to one another, but it may prove lucrative to anyone who has the good fortune to occupy a secluded holding. Now, in regard to the conditions, Mrs. Dott very truly says: "Monotony is the bane of country

life; it causes the seven devils of gossip, spite, narrowness and hopelessness and emptiness, the mother of them all. But the young officer who takes to this way of living will easily find means to ameliorate its dulness. There are Boy Scouts to train, sports like cricket and football to organise; there is usually fishing to be had, and it should not be impossible to have golf links open to all. In the winter there is a rich variety of meetings that can be arranged in the village hall, some for whist drives, dancing and other amusements; others for lectures and discussions on the arts and crafts of the countryside. The man of more serious temperament

will find many practical schemes to take up. It will be found that the small-holder everywhere is handicapped by lack of transport, and very likely his experience of the front may enable him to suggest means for improving the country roads, starting light railways or tramways, obtaining a service of motor lorries which has been promised by the Government, and so on. In fact, a world of pleasant, useful activity is opened up at centres such as these, and the example of Goathland may be sincerely recommended to the notice of County Councils engaged in seeking means to provide work for the disabled officer.

BUILDING IN COB AND CHALK

WEEKS pass, and, beyond the notification that the Local Government Board has appointed Sir James Carmichael, a successful London contractor, to the post of Director-General of Housing in England and Wales, there is small evidence that any progress is being made with the vital task of housing the people. The Ministry of Supply (late of Munitions) is inviting brickmakers to tender for the supply of bricks, and it is assumed that the vast Government orders will stimulate production. But, however great the stimulus, it will be physically impossible to keep pace with the demand, and we must again lay stress on the need for employing every kind of local material for wall building. And because example is better than precept, we now describe two modern examples of building with local material, one of cob, or *pisé de terre*, the other of rammed chalk, or, as Mr. St. Loe Strachey has named it, *pisé de craie*.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE are already familiar with the work of Mr. Ernest Gimson, and there is no architect more skilful in capturing the spirit of old traditions and reviving old methods of craftsmanship in a sincere and practical way. Best known for his masterly handling of masonry in the Cotswolds and Charnwood Forest, the house near Budleigh Salterton, now illustrated, shows him no less sympathetic in the employment



THREE CHALK COTTAGES AT HURSLEY PARK.

of cob. The work was done a year or two before the war; and this is Mr. Gimson's own description of the manner of its building:

The cob was made of the stiff sand found on the site; this was mixed with water and a great quantity of long wheat straw trodden into it. The walls were built 3ft. thick, pared down to 2ft. 6ins., and were placed on a



A "COB" HOUSE NEAR BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, DEVON.

(Ernest Gimson.)



DEVON COB AND THATCH.

(Ernest Gimson.)

plinth standing 18ins. above the ground floor and built of cobble stones found among the sand. The walls were given a coat of plaster and a coat of roughcast, which was gently trowelled over to smooth the surface slightly. I believe eight men were engaged on the cobwork, some preparing the material, and others treading in on to the top of the walls. It took them about three months to reach the wall plate; the cost was 6s. a cubic yard, exclusive of the plastering. No centering was used. The joists rested on plates, and above them the walls were reduced to 2ft. 2ins. in thickness to leave the ends of the joists free. The beams also rested on wide plates and the ends were built round with stone, leaving space for ventilation. Tile or slate lintels were used over all openings. The cost of the whole house was 6½d. a cubic foot. Building with cob is soon learnt—of the eight men, only one of them had had any previous experience, and, I believe, he had not built with it for thirty years. This is the only house I have built of cob.

What interests us most in this narrative is the workmen's lack of experience, which seems to have been no hindrance. Anyone who proposes to revive the use of cob may take courage from Mr. Gimson's evidence. The time spent in building the walls was reasonable and the cost low. It may be guessed that the post-war rise in cost will be no greater in proportion, if as great, when compared with brickwork. The natural charm of the wall surface is enhanced by the crown of thatched roof, modelled with a skill which few can bring so certainly to their task as Mr. Gimson.

The group of three chalk cottages on Sir George Cooper's estate at Hursley Park, Winchester, is no less interesting, and was built in 1913. We are indebted to Mr. James Thorold, who writes from the Hursley Estate Office, for the following practical particulars of the method of building.

The chalk walling was done by Messrs. A. Annett and Son of Winterslow, near Salisbury, where this method of building has been kept alive from olden days. It consists of working up the soft upper strata of the chalk by putting a bed of it 4ins. to 6ins. thick on the ground, watering and treading it to a sticky consistency with the feet, and working in shortish straw at the same time. When thoroughly mixed by the builder's mate, he lifts up a forkful to the builder working on the wall immediately above him, the latter catches the chalk, dumps it down on the top of the wall, building an 18in. course all round. As soon as the weather has dried this sufficiently he goes round with a sharp spade, squaring up both sides of the wall. As this work is greatly dependent on the weather, it is well if the men have other work to fall back on, and that building operations should be commenced in the spring or early summer. The wall is built 18ins. thick to the first floor joists, and 14ins. above. Chalk in itself being very absorbent of moisture, the usual plan is to render the outside of the wall with a lime mortar, which, however, requires renewal every few years. To obviate this we fixed with long staples 1½in. mesh wire-netting over the outside surface of the wall to give a reinforcement for a rendering of hair mortar and cement gauged in proportion of 1 in 2 respectively, and left rough from the trowel. This rendering was done at a cost of 3s. 3½d. per square yard, which is a substantial addition to the cost of the walling, but so far there is no sign of a crack or hollow place behind it and the cottages have kept very dry. The walls were finished off with a limewash containing Russian tallow and copperas.

We estimated that the chalk walling saved a sum of £54 as against the amount we should have had to spend in carrying out the building with bricks made on the estate, and this had to include lodging money and profit, the builders being independent men. The flues, built up in the chalk, were entirely satisfactory and fireproof. The foundations are either flint or brick,

with a slate damp-course. I consider that for a chalk country this method of building has many advantages.

1. It saves cartage.
2. It can be carried out by a skilled labourer who can be otherwise employed during unsuitable weather.
3. No fuel is required as in burning bricks.
4. If a suitable rendering is employed to keep it weatherproof and a good damp-course on the foundations, the cottages are nice and dry and keep an equable temperature, chalk being a good non-conductor."

Here, again, thatch proves the fitting roof. The main difficulty seems to be the absorbent character of the chalk, which involves a recurrent charge for re-plastering the outside face of the walls. Obviously here is an opportunity for the chemist to suggest some treatment of the wet material which will harden it and leave an impervious wall needing no outer skin, or only a thin one. The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research is busily engaged on various problems of this kind. We can but hope that a solution will be found that will overcome the difficulties in the way of using fully the various materials to be dug on building sites and converted on the spot into healthy and seemly houses for the rural population.

WOOD FIRES

*Ash green**Fit for a Queen.*—Old saying.

Beech wood fires are bright and clear

If the logs are kept a year.

Oak logs burn steadily

If the wood is old and dry.

But ash dry or ash green

Makes a fire fit for a Queen.

Logs of birch wood burn too fast—

There's a fire that will not last.

Chestnut's only good, they say,

If for long it's laid away.

But ash new or ash old

Is fit for a Queen with a crown of gold.

Poplar makes a bitter smoke—

Fills your eyes and makes you choke.

It is by the Irish said

Hawthorn bakes the sweetest bread.

But ash green or ash brown

Is fit for a Queen with a golden crown.

Elm wood burns like churchyard mould—

E'en the very flames are cold.

Apple logs will fill your room

With an incense-like perfume.

But ash wet or ash dry

For a Queen to warm her slippers by.

C. C.

MR. JOHN MILLAIS' EXHIBITION AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY

By HORACE HUTCHINSON.

IT must surely be some satisfaction to an artist to be able to give an exhibition of his handiwork in the assured confidence that no other man in England could produce a show of equal quality. It is a satisfaction which Mr. John Millais may enjoy to the full in the exhibition of his drawings which opened on the 19th at the Fine Art Society's gallery in Bond Street. Mr. Millais has been long before the public—he is an old friend and favourite of every lover of Nature as depicted by art—and his inherited artistic gift and the fortunate circumstances of his

career have combined to make his position unique. He inherited a liberal share of his great father's talent, and therewith an intense love of Nature which was fostered by the conditions of his life at its most susceptible moment, when Sir John Millais was renting Murthly or Rohallion and indulging in that Tay salmon-fishing which was the single life interest that seriously competed in him with his love of art. It is to reminiscences of those days of Mr. Millais' youth that we owe such pictures in the present exhibition at the Fine Art Society's rooms as "In Old Dunkeld Wood" or "The Roe Pass, Rohallion."



THE LOITA PASS, BRITISH EAST AFRICA, 1913.

In the former there is the old cock "caper" chortling out his defiance to all and sundry from a high bough, while his ladies disport themselves humbly on the ground below him among the deer. All that Forfarshire and East Perthshire woodland is a great resort of the capercaillie ever since their reintroduction. Mr. Millais has caught the grandiose action of the male bird, displaying his brave plumage to perfection. "The Roe Pass" shows a less peaceful scene, but one which will recall memories of many a day of delightfully varied sport to such of us as have the luck to keep such reminiscences in store.

There is the stricken roe, and the blackgame lying, while overhead comes the cock-pheasant—all the principal personages of these woodland dramas brought on the stage at once, just as happens when Nature herself arranges the piece. One of the escaping roe is in an attitude which may remind us of some of those sketches of the South African antelopes that Mr. Millais has made familiar to us in that perhaps best and best known of all his books, "A Breath of the Veldt." It is an attitude so singular, so unlike that in which the less observant, less strictly accurate and more



THE ROE PASS, ROHALLION, SCOTLAND.



LIONS STALKING, BRITISH EAST AFRICA, 1913.

conventional artist is wont to portray the movement of these creatures, that one is at first sight almost disposed to call it ugly. Perhaps it were more right to say that we might have been disposed so to miscall it but for the good training of the eye which Mr. Millais himself has powerfully helped to give us. It is a pose which only the eye of the very observant, or of the abnormal quickness and accuracy of the camera, can record. But when it is so recorded for us we have to recognise that it is true to nature, and, as such, not to be criticised further on the point of beauty.

In this youthful initiation into Scottish nature and her ways Mr. Millais not only acquired a vision of wonderful accuracy for these renderings of bird and animal by line and colour, but he also developed a marvellous capacity of shooting with a catapult, so that when he goes bird collecting it is this schoolboy weapon which he even now much prefers to the gun. The single bolt of the catapult usually kills a bird with far less injury to the plumage than the "scatter gun" causes. The cases of stuffed birds, both British and foreign, which surround him in his home near Horsham owe much to his skill with the catapult, and the squirrels of the adjacent St. Leonard's Forest have to pay constant tribute to it. Living in that neighbourhood, Mr. Millais has constant and easy access to two great preserves where he is able to study wild life in a rich variety perhaps not to be found

anywhere else in this country. He is close to Warnham, where Mr. Lucas breeds the great red deer, and also to Leonardslee, that fine Sussex combe, opening to the south, where Sir Edmund Loder has his kangaroos, beavers, prairie dogs, and all kinds of marvels.

Mr. Millais need never go far to seek all manner of subjects for his study. For all that, in his time he has gone far, as the pictures shown in this exhibition testify. Notably, as we know, he has in some sort made the African veldt his own by conquest of the pencil. His latest publication was a life of that great man and African hunter, his familiar friend, Selous, and a fine and worthy appreciation it is. In this Gallery



IN OLD DUNKELD WOOD.

are some striking portraits of African fauna in their native scenes. In the "Loita Plains" of British East Africa we see a curious—but, as all travellers tell us, by no means an uncommon—assemblage of creatures that rather suggests at first glance one of the pictures beloved by us in childhood, of the animals parading for entrance into Noah's Ark. There is the immense giraffe with a neck of convenient length for browsing on the tree tops, but almost "too much of a good thing," as the creature seems to be complaining as he straddles his forelegs wide in order to make grazing less of a gymnastic effort. He overtops, by such an immense height, the zebra and the rest of the small deer that we could hardly believe the proportions true did we not know both these and the artist. Another most arresting African picture is that of the "Lions Stalking"—Mr. and Mrs. Lion out together on the maraud, apparently with some game in view to which they are drawing up in the stealthy mode of a domestic cat after a house-sparrow. Besides his talent for picking out and emphasising a peculiar and, to the

untrained eye, even an unnatural-seeming pose of a particular animal or bird, Mr. Millais seems also to have a genius for dealing with a crowd, a large assemblage, of either. Notice several of his sketches of African gregarious animals for this. Or, again, see that picture from somewhere nearer home—Scotland, presumably—"Grouse on the Low Grounds." This is the kind of scene which grouse display to the beater rather than to the gun, so it will not be as familiar to most of the visitors to the Gallery in Bond Street as if the birds had been coming forward, but it is very true to the action and look of a grouse pack rising. On the whole it is no more than fair to say that we have never before had a "one-man show" of equal quality with this, equal in variety both of its subjects and of the endowments for this particular task of its exhibitor—at once naturalist, sportsman, traveller, lover of nature in all her modes, both small and great, and gifted with a capacity rarely matched for recording with his pencil the truth and beauty which his eye perceives.

CAMBRIDGE AFTER THE WAR

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

NOWHERE, probably, has demobilisation wrought a more rapid change than at Cambridge. Before Christmas the streets were still alive with soldiers. The red hats of the Staff officers doing courses in Clare and Caius mingled with the white hats of cadets, who were in occupation of nearly all the other colleges. The tailors' and hatters' windows were full of nothing but khaki. Now officers and cadets have vanished, and the windows are adorned with gorgeous caps and blazers or, more austere, with the black of gowns and the white fur of hoods. Once more are to be seen those wooden shields and tobacco boxes resplendent with the various college arms, which have proved a lure to freshmen from time immemorial. The streets are full of undergraduates, capless for the most part, as is the modern fashion, in Norfolk jackets, grey flannel trousers, and ties of many colours. Save that they are something straighter in the back than the freshmen of yore, that they all have wrist-watches, that here and there is one who limps with a stick, there is nothing to show that they are largely a race of converted soldiers. They look amazingly like the undergraduates of old times, and

Cambridge looks very like its old self. The only exotic touch of colour comes from the blue uniforms of the young Naval officers who have come to Cambridge for a while to continue an education interrupted by the war.

There are about 1,500 undergraduates up this term, ranging from the 300 of Trinity to the twenty or so at Corpus. Although this is rather less than 50 per cent. of the total number before the war, it has been hard work to find room for them all. The 400 young sailors take up a certain amount of room in each college, of which they share the life, playing in the games and rowing in the boats. Then, the number of licensed lodging-houses is, for the moment, much smaller than it used to be. Indeed, the Master of one college has had to say to a prospective freshman: "I'll take you if you can find lodgings for yourself"; and the freshman, being a person of resource, did find a room after a long day's hunting.

It is worthy of note that there are far more married undergraduates than ever before, and this fact leads naturally to another, that the men have most emphatically come up to work. This may be illustrated from the river, where the oarsmen have



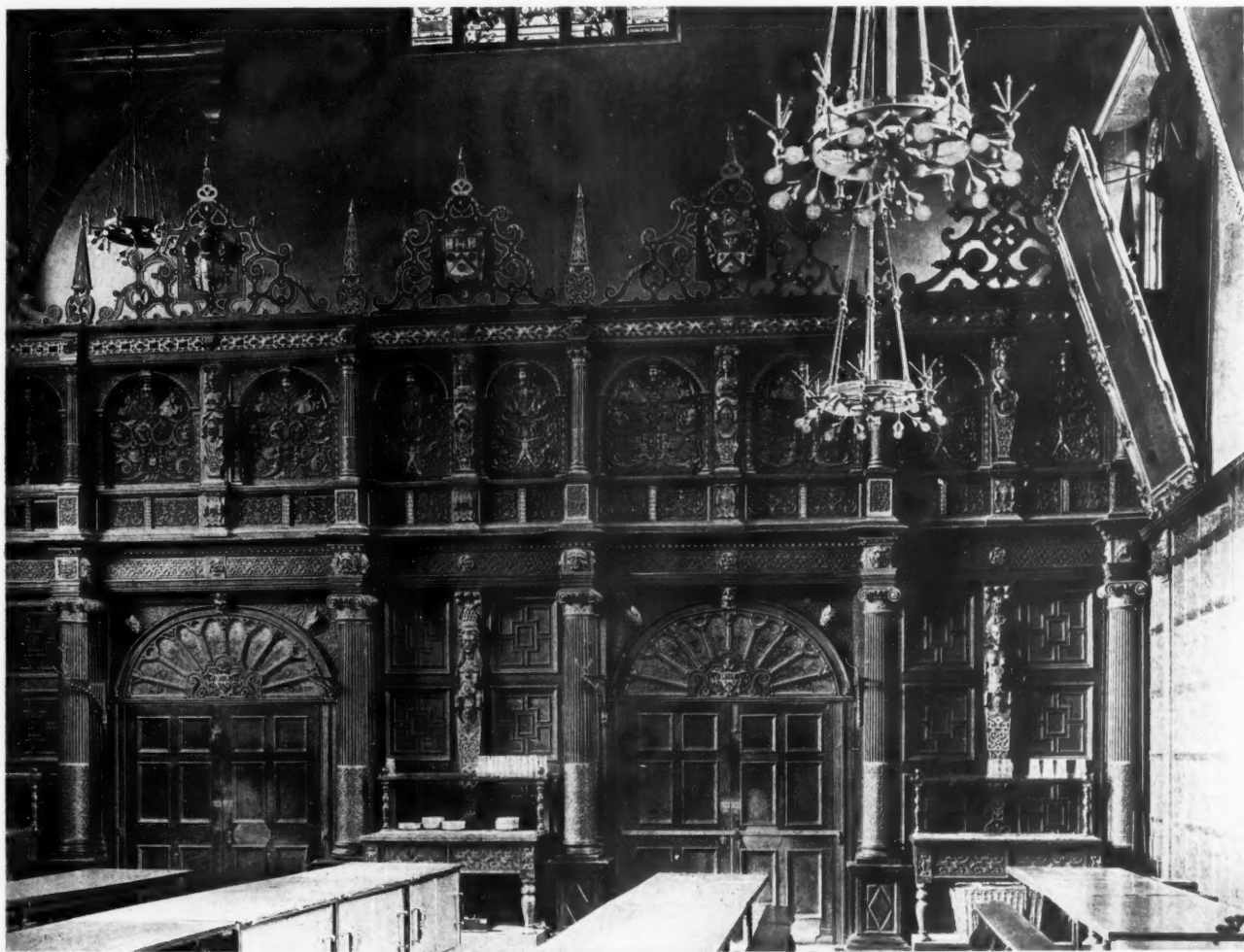
IN THE GREAT COURT TRINITY.

had to be divided into two classes, those who can row every day, and those who can only spare three afternoons a week. There used, certainly, to be some unfortunates who were pent in engineering laboratories of an afternoon, but we regarded them with pity near to contempt, and the time after lunch was generally sacred to amusement. The freshman of to-day, however, is, as a rule, four or five years older than his predecessor: he cannot afford to wait more years after going down before earning his living, and so he has come up to work, more particularly at subjects that will help to support him at once. He has the comfort of not having to waste his precious time on acquiring a futile minimum of Greek for the Little-Go, and it is particularly suggestive of the changes made by the war that this reform, fought for strenuously for years, only to be rejected time and again by the forces of reaction, has now been passed without opposition, and made but little noise in the world.

If a man need no longer struggle with ancient Greek against his will, he can study modern Greek, if he has a mind to it, and also Dutch. Further evidences of progress are the founding of professorships in Italian, Spanish and French, and a brand-new

Council analyst or lecturer. There are but very few of the type that believes in three acres and a cow as an unfailing panacea for inexperience and a small capital, and this is good news, since it means so much the less disappointment in the world. Among the land-owning students there is a notable change since the war. Formerly, they wished for the most part to understand a barely respectable amount about agriculture, as they might wish to gain enough law to sit intelligently silent at Quarter Sessions. Now they intend to farm their own land, and are keenly anxious to learn all they possibly can. Those who have just begun waited in a body on the Professor of Agriculture, to ask that the classes which they would normally have taken in the October term, might be held in the afternoon this term, so as to enable them to take their examination in June. To anyone who ever knew undergraduates, volumes could not say more.

In spite of work, there is still play and social life, and these are fast reviving. The once sprightly *Granta* died in 1914, but the *Cambridge Review* has held on grimly through the war. There is also the *Cambridge Magazine* and—a professedly patriotic counter-blast to it—*The New Cambridge*. The Pitt



THE SCREEN IN TRINITY COLLEGE HALL.

Geographical Tripos. The subjects in which, if one may say so, there is the greatest boom are, perhaps, agriculture and engineering. Physics, which has more students than ever before, mathematics and medicine come close on their heels, and laboratories are being enlarged by the addition of temporary buildings. Since the number of undergraduates is so much smaller than before the war, some subjects must clearly have suffered. It is not history, and it is probably not real classics in the sense of classics for those who have a real taste and love for them. On the whole, it seems to be the man who had a business waiting for him, and so determined to spend a pleasant, idle three years, culminating in a "poll" degree, that has for the time disappeared.

Readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* may like to hear a little more in particular about agricultural students. Before the war the largest number was 120, in 1914. Now, with less than half the total number to draw from, it is 150, and there are many more eager to come. They are a mixed regiment. Last term they were headed by General Gough, but he is now gone. There are colonels, however, a commander in the Navy, and private soldiers from Australia and New Zealand filling up their time before they can sail for home. Broadly speaking, they can be divided into two classes: those who are or will be land-owners, and those who desire some such posts as that of County

Club has elected freshmen to the committee and sent them forth to seek new members who shall best carry on the traditions of that pleasant society. The Footlights have held a public meeting to discuss the possibility of acting next term: the A.D.C. for the moment still slumbers. The Union has begun to talk once more, and, *à propos* the Debating Society of Trinity Hall, has invited the ladies of Newnham to meet them in debate. Finally, let us take a glance at the river. If anyone during the war had tried to call up the vanished scene most typical of the Lent Term it would surely have been that of the river and the towpath—the raw, dark, winter afternoon, the creaking chains of the "Grind," the eight poor shivering mortals stripping off their sweaters to get into their boat, the pairs of other unfortunates being relentlessly tubbed. Now, after five years, here it all is in real life again. We read once more over the Jesus Boathouse the familiar golden figures "1875-1885," telling of ten proud years at the head of the river, and here in front of it is a Jesus eight just about to start, stroked by one who has lost a leg in the war. There are plenty of other eights besides—dark blue, black and yellow, flaming scarlet, light blue and black, and all the colours that we know so well, for there really is to be racing at the end of the term. It is a bleak enough spectacle, with Midsummer Common under a sheet of snow, but a wonderfully cheering one.



THE three houses, some views of which accompany this article, all date from the close of the fifteenth century as regards the main body of their buildings. They are characteristic products of that age and are enriched in varying degree with all the wealth of decoration and ingenuities of construction of which the incomparable masons of that day were so prodigal. All have their openings framed in by a multiplicity of prismatic mouldings which interpenetrate and shelter in their deep hollows trailing sprays of oak, or bramble, or thistle, peopled with angelic or grotesque beings. Their doorways are flanked by pinnacles and crowned by ogees burgeoning into crockets of curly cabbage leaf, and supporting tutelary saints.

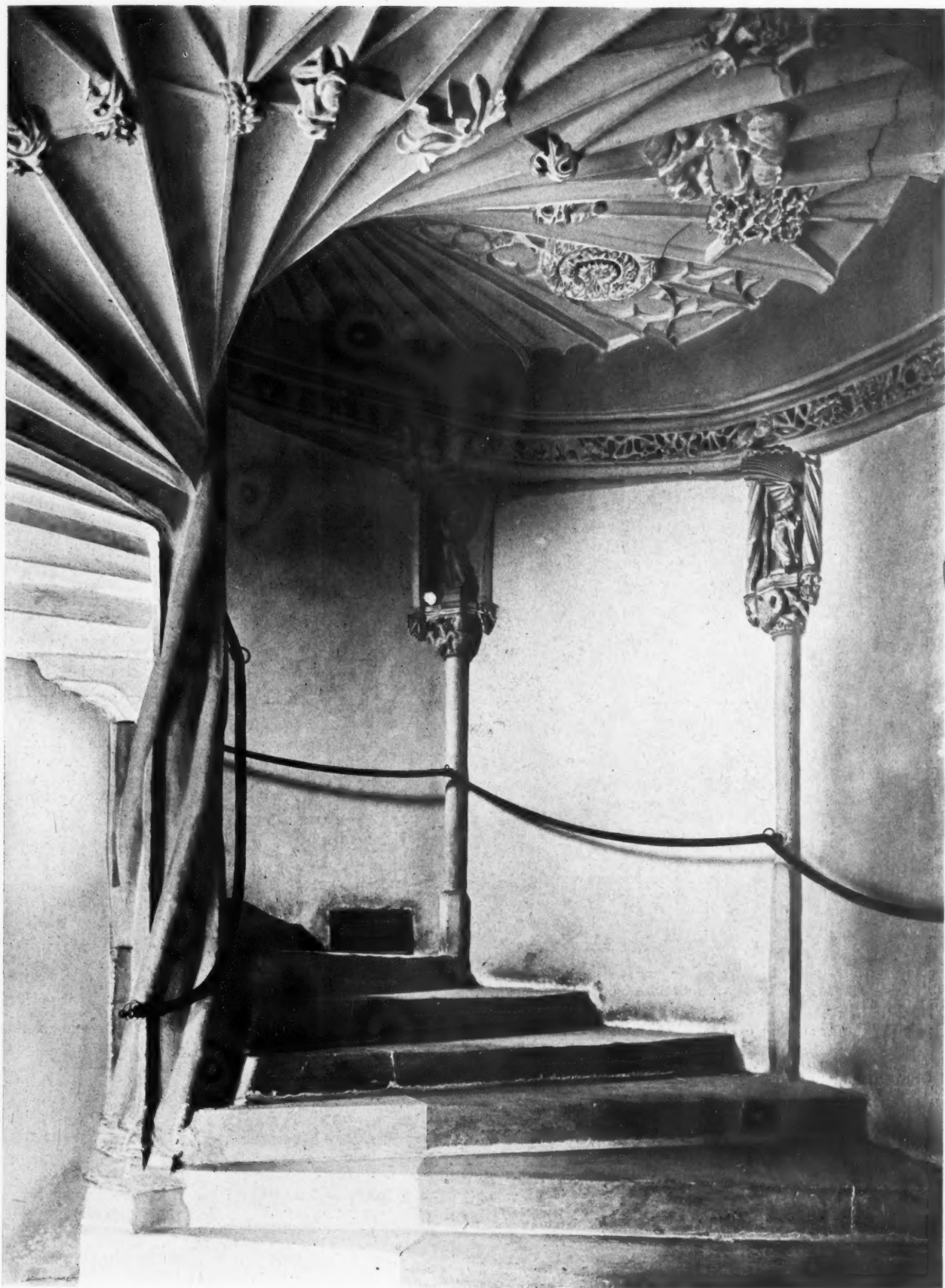
In each is a remarkable example of the *grande vis* or great spiral staircase in a projecting tower, so often the glory of houses of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, as Blois, Chaumont and the Hôtel d'Alluye.

All three have been connected at one time or other with names notable in the history of France. In the case of St. Ouen, contact with "the great" was momentary, and we have every reason to be thankful for the fact; for this

brief period enriched it with its most delightful features, and its subsequent obscurity has left the work of the past untouched for our delight. Montigny and Bonnetable, on the contrary, have paid the price of their connection with a long series of aristocratic and wealthy families in the coin of wholesale restoration and unfortunate additions.

Montigny-le-Gannelon (or le Ganneron) derives the second part of its name from Wanelo, treasurer of the Abbey of St. Martin at Tours, and Abbot of St. Avit, who, in the eleventh century, built a castle on the site. This was held by his family till 1391, when it was purchased by Louis of Orleans, brother of the mad king, Charles VI. This brilliant and versatile, but vicious prince, was the builder of Pierrefond; he brought Italian political influence and the seeds of dynastic wars into France by his marriage with Valentina Visconti of Milan; he poured oil on the flames of discord between "Bourguignons" and "Armagnacs" by his intrigues with his German sister-in-law, the worthless Isabel of Bavaria, and met a tragic death at the hands of hired bravos as he returned through the dark streets of Paris from supping with her at the Hôtel St. Paul.





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MONTIGNY-LE-GANNELON: THE SPIRAL STAIR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Louis sold Montigny again in 1409 to Guyot de Renty, whose son Jacques built the *corps de logis* of our illustration much as we now see it, with its polygonal stair-tower on the left balanced by a more massive rectangular tower on the right, and with its upper walls patterned in brick and stone in much the same manner as the Château des Réaux (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE on July 4th, 1917).

Among the many noble families who lorded it at Montigny from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century were those of Etampes and Fiennes. The Etampes originated in Berry and had two main branches. A descendant of the elder branch, the Marquis de la Ferté-Imbault, was the

Parma. Desirous of reconciling his friends, the Barberini, with the French Court, where they were in bad odour, he suddenly left Rome without papers and made an adventurous journey across France, eluding the officers Anne of Austria had sent to stop him at the frontier. On reaching Paris he all but found himself in the Bastille for his pains, but succeeded in making his peace by ingratiating himself with Mazarin.

The Fiennes were an ancient family of the Pas de Calais, where they held the county of Guines. Robert de Fiennes was made Constable of France in 1356 in consequence of services rendered to three kings in suppressing revolts, and re-

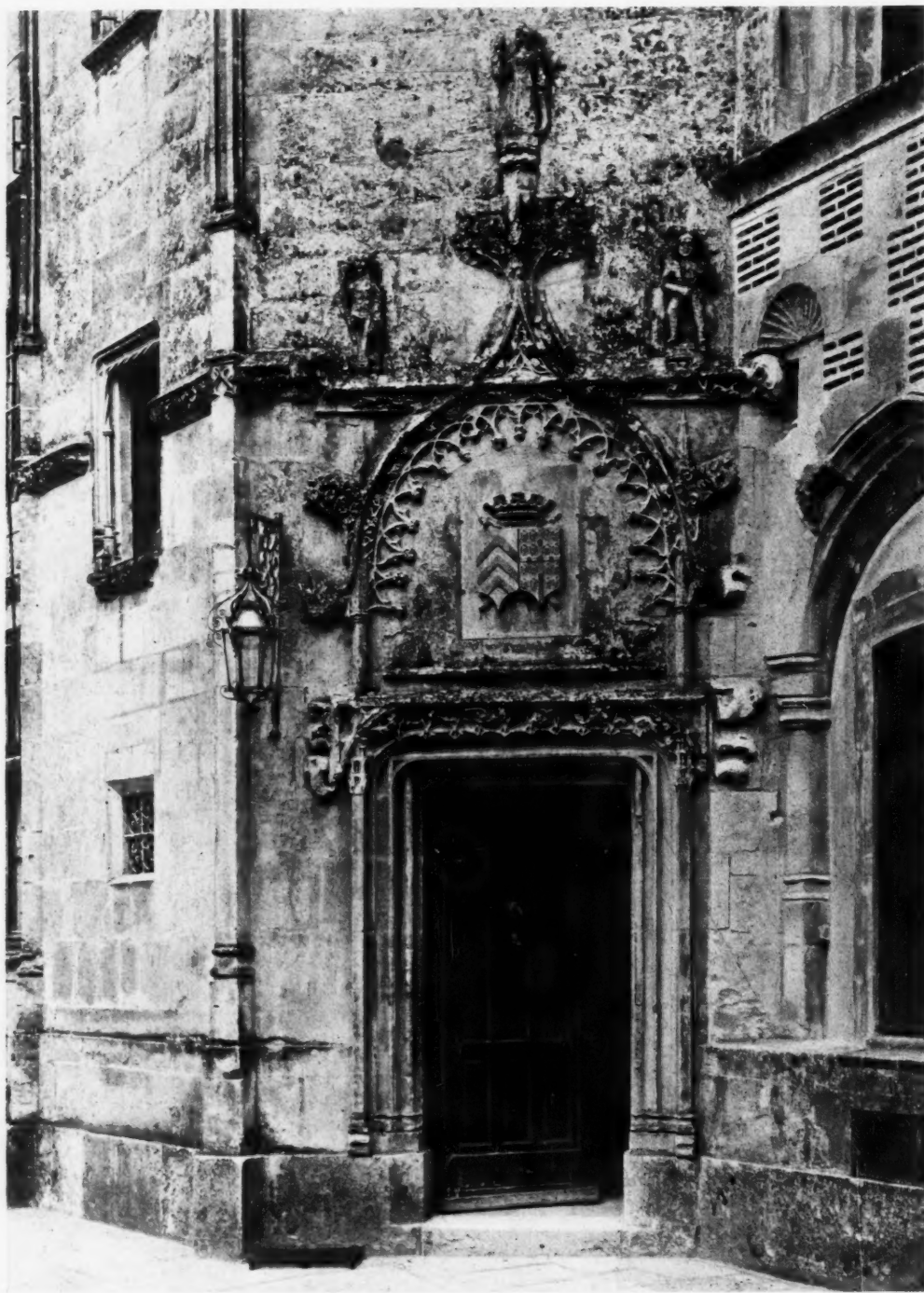
signed in 1370, in extreme old age, to Bertrand du Guesclin.

After changing hands many times Montigny was bought in 1833 by Anne Adrien de Montmorency, Duke of Laval, among whose forebears were two Constables of France: Mathieu II, who flourished in the thirteenth, and Anne, who flourished in the sixteenth century. His daughter was the mother of the present owner, the descendant of another ancient family, which had held the Duchy of Lévis Ventadour, extinct in 1717. The Chevalier de Lévis, who took over the command of the French forces in Canada and gave his name to a suburb of Quebec on the right bank of the St. Lawrence, was a cadet of this family.

Bonnétale was one of the innumerable residences of the Harcourts, of which several have already been illustrated in these pages (Fontaine Henry on July 6th, 1918, Balleroy and Beaumesnil on December 28th, 1918). They had been lords of Bonnétale for several generations before Jean d'Harcourt (who died about 1487) rebuilt the castle in 1470 at the same time as he was rebuilding Fontaine Henry. A beautiful doorway of that date is shown in one of our illustrations. The whole eastern front, which rises fortress-like with four massive towers from the moat, has

been comparatively spared by the restorers. Not so the western front, which has suffered many things at their hands—from the additions on the left made by the Countess of Soissons, in 1620, in a curious mixture of belated Gothic, with the manner of her day, to the pseudo-mediaevalisms of the nineteenth century on the right.

The castle of Bonnétale has never been sold, but has always passed by marriage or inheritance. Thus it came into the families of Bourbon-Soissons in 1601, of Luynes in 1710, of Montmorency Laval in 1788, and of La Rochefoucauld Dondeauville in 1850. All these are among the greatest in



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MONTIGNY-LE-GANNELON: DOORWAY TO STAIR TOWER.

"C.L."

husband of the celebrated Madame Geoffrin's daughter, an ardent Catholic and persistent opponent of the encyclopædists. It was a constant source of astonishment to the elder lady how such a reactionary chicken could have been hatched in the incubator of her freethinking salon.

The best known member of the younger branch was Achilles d'Etampes Valençay (1587-1646), "le Cardinal Valençay qui dit tout et fait tout," one of the last of the great fighting prelates. He served as vice-admiral under Louis XIII at the siege of La Rochelle and as a general under Cardinal Barberini in Pope Urban VIII's campaign against



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BONNETABLE: DOORWAY LEADING TO SPIRAL STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

France, and the first named stood very near the throne, Charles de Bourbon-Soissons (1566-1612), the first of his family who owned Bonnetable was set up by the Guise party as a candidate for the Crown in opposition to Henry of Navarre, but he fell violently in love with Henry's sister Catherine, and was thus drawn into his rival's party. This purpose accomplished, Henry would never allow the marriage, knowing his cousin for what he was, an ambitious, treacherous and dissolute intriguer, on whom no reliance could be placed. After Henry's death he revenged himself by obtaining the disgrace of Sully.

His son Louis (1604-41) was a candidate for the hand of the fabulously wealthy heiress, Mademoiselle de Montpensier,

who, however, married Gaston of Orleans and had a daughter by him, known in history as "La Grande Mademoiselle." The Count of Soissons, nothing daunted by his failure with the mother, became a suitor for the daughter while she was still of an age when boxes of sugared almonds might be used as a way to her heart. Mademoiselle blew hot and cold with her elderly lover, regarding him as a possible *pis aller* in case her matrimonial designs on the various reigning monarchs of Europe fell through. However, he was killed at, or assassinated after, the battle of La Marfée, which he won over the royal troops, before she had run through the whole series of feasible royal alliances.

Of the House of Luynes there would be much to





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ST. OUEN: TOWER DOORWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

relate, but space forbids. It may, however, be of interest to recall that the little Picard town so famous in the late war substituted their family name of Albert for its earlier one of Ancre in 1617, when at the instigation of the first Duke of Luynes, the favourite of Louis XIII, the hated Italian minister Concini, whom the Queen Mother, Maria de' Medici, had created Maréchal d'Ancre, was shot at the gates of the Louvre.

Bonnétable did not come into the Luynes family till the marriage of Charles Philibert, a descendant of the above, with Louise Léontine Jacqueline, daughter of an illegitimate scion of the otherwise extinct House of Bourbon-Soissons. This Duke of Luynes (1695-1755) left valuable memoirs

describing his travels and the inner history of the Court of Louis XV, where he and his second wife lived for many years in the intimacy of Queen Maria Leczinska.

From an architectural point of view the most interesting of our three houses is the so-called Château of St. Ouen, in reality a priory dependent on the Abbey of La Roue. Up to the close of the fifteenth century it seems to have consisted of buildings of an unpretentious character. The Abbot at that time was one Guy Le Clerc, a member of an old Breton family, and related to the Marquises of Juigné. He was also almoner and confessor to Anne of Brittany, and in later life Bishop of St. Pol de Léon. He seems to have taken a fancy to the place, conceived the idea of turning the priory

into a country residence for the abbots, and made the additions which form the subject of our illustrations. After his death there in 1523 St. Ouen seems to have relapsed into the status of a mere abbatial farm, and at the Revolution passed into private hands.

Guy le Clerc must, from his position at Court, have been well acquainted with Florimond Robertet, the builder of the Hôtel d'Alluye at Blois, illustrated in this journal on January 18th, 1919. One may imagine the two art-loving courtiers comparing notes over their respective building operations, which must have been going on at the same time. In addition to the general similarity natural in contemporary edifices, they both exhibit a change of style indicating that their construction extended over a considerable number of years, perhaps the greater part of Louis XII's reign (1498-1515), the last addition in the case of St. Ouen being the highly ornate stair tower.

The *corps de logis* to which this is attached has windows and dormers of extreme richness and delicacy of execution in the most developed Flamboyant style with no trace of Italian influence. But the tower and the exquisite little stair turret leading to its uppermost storey show a strong but wayward admixture of Renaissance elements.

In the main entrance the depressed arch—the "basket-handle arch" as the French call it—with its repeated orders of sunk mouldings, is framed in by columns of Corinthian type, and over it are figures supporting a shield under a shell hood. The windows are flanked by panelled pilasters carrying various types of pediments, which, like the medallions of the main frieze and the arcaded balustrade above it, are wholly after the Italian manner. But the turret with its advanced Flamboyant tracery is preponderatingly Gothic; and the coupled shafts at the angles of the tower, some of which are spiral, while others are panelled in elongated hexagons, recall contemporary Perpendicular work in England, as, for instance, in Henry VII's Chapel.

It looks as if decorators of the old and new schools had collaborated on the same building in friendly rivalry, each giving the best his training afforded, without much troubling their heads as to its effect on the combined result, which, however, is far from unpleasing. The same medley extends to the interior, as, for example, in the double doorway off the stairs and in the chimneypieces, some of which, bearing the initials of Guy le Clerc, are in the style of Francis I, while others are wholly on mediæval lines. W. H. WARD.

SIR MARK SYKES AS PARLIAMENTARIAN

BY the death of Sir Mark Sykes the House of Commons has lost a man whom it could very ill afford to lose; for he stood for frank, fearless independence of attitude and speech, and this crowning gift accompanied singularly versatile talents and ability of the highest order. Fortune had given him everything—wealth, rank, charm, a strong physique, eloquence, sincerity and a passionate sense of duty. He placed them all at the service of the State, and asked for nothing in return. Had he cared for office, office he might have had; but he was quite content to remain on the back benches. It was not that he was passed by others in the political race; the truth was that he deliberately stood out of the race and let it be known that office had no attraction for him. Nevertheless, had he lived, it is almost certain that sooner or later he would have been found in some capacity at the Foreign Office, or that he would have played a striking rôle of some kind or other in connection with the affairs of the Middle East, which he had studied on the spot with a fine intelligent sympathy which had brought him a true understanding of its aspirations and its culture. But the House of Commons knew Sir Mark best as a candid critic of that rare kind whose candour contains no spice of malice. He spoke rarely. He seemed to reserve himself for moments of difficulty and perplexity. He told both sides their faults, and never spoke to better effect than when, in one of the perpetual Irish debates, he urged the late Government to enforce the law in Ireland firmly and impartially on all parties and to begin by demanding the delivery of all arms from Ulstermen and Nationalists alike. No one, again, spoke with greater acceptance or better interpreted the public conscience than Sir Mark Sykes in the debate on the appointment of the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia Commissions. His sincerity was transparent. He always took a high moral line, and yet he was, in the best sense of the term, a thorough man

of the world. Quite literally, he made the best of both worlds, and instead of this being a reproach to him, it was placed to his credit. Moreover, though he had a delightful turn for epigram, his shrewdest thrusts never carried a drop of venom on the point. No one was more sympathetic than this Yorkshire landlord to the human claims of Labour; he spoke with generous indignation of the undeserved and remediable sufferings and discomforts of the poor; tolerant of all else, he was ever intolerant of cruelty and wrong. In the difficult times of industrial controversy which are now upon us his detached counsel would have been invaluable, for it would always have been directed to what was just and equitable. Sir Mark Sykes was well fitted to be the Falkland of his day, and a greater than Falkland, because, though an idealist, he was also a practical man of affairs. He was just the type which Democracy—and especially triumphant Democracy—requires: a leader with no selfish ambitions, careless of office so long as he could serve his country, and strong enough and independent enough never to stoop to flattery or take refuge in the safety of silence when plain speech was required. In this new Parliament of Reconstruction he must speedily have acquired a personal ascendancy more powerful and enviable than that of most Ministers. It is grievous, therefore, to think of the loss which the House of Commons has sustained. It is as if a singularly pure and kindly light had suddenly been put out.

Often it has been urged that the country is dependent upon the old politicians, and that there are few men of promise in the rising generation. No such argument would have been put forward by anyone who had studied the career and progress of Sir Mark Sykes. It has taken death to illuminate, as far as the public understanding goes, the possibilities that lay before him. It will be recognised all too late that he had every qualification of such a great leader as the present situation demands. Above all, he was thoroughly disinterested. Money he had in plenty. Power came to him from his own capacity and character. Place for its own sake he disdained. The last objection would probably have disappeared with further experience, when it became known to him that he could serve his country only if placed in a position of authority. In the crowd of new representatives which the late election brought into Parliament there are many who are unknown and untried, but in the times of stormy controversy to which we are approaching full opportunity will be given to all and each of them to show "the mettle of his pasture." It is not too much to expect that, given a fair field and no favour, there are in Parliament at this moment men in whom resides the potentiality of great leadership. Often Continental critics have admitted that, whatever her faults, Great Britain has usually been able to find a great man for a great occasion. As it was in the past so we may trust will be in the future which lies closely adjacent to the present.

IN THE GARDEN

A BOOM IN FRUIT-GROWING.

THERE is at the present moment a greater demand for fruit trees than probably there has ever been in the history of the nation. The shortage of fruit, coupled with the high prices of English Apples and the schemes for extensive land settlement have all tended to create a boom in the fruit tree world. People are planting largely, and there is a rush for trees, which, in many cases, are being planted hurriedly in ill prepared ground and in unsuitable sites. It is difficult to understand the real reason why so many have suddenly decided to take up fruit-growing for market. We would be the last to discourage anyone from taking up fruit-growing in this country on sound, practical lines, but we deprecate very strongly the careless methods of planting that are being adopted in the present mad rush for fruit trees. And is not the boom mainly due to temporarily restricted imports and one abnormally bad season? At the present time English Apples of poor quality sell readily at a good figure; but let it not be forgotten that in many past seasons fruit has been almost given away in the wholesale market. If fruit is to be grown for market it must be grown well, or it will never pay. By the time the newly planted fruit trees come into bearing it is reasonable to assume that the overseas supplies will be normal. When, oh when, will the English fruit-grower learn to market his fruit in better condition? For private trade, at least, fruit should be packed in boxes—not in bushel baskets. Talk of foreign fruits! True, they are generally brighter looking and more highly coloured, but for quality and flavour they are not to be compared with British-grown fruit.

Unfortunately, home growers do not take sufficient pains in packing the fruit for market, and this is where imported fruit has the advantage over that home grown. It is admitted that we have in this country soil and climate capable of producing hardy fruits of all kinds in greater abundance and in greater perfection than in any other country. But these results cannot be obtained by slipshod methods; they can only be obtained when enthusiasm, industry and experience are brought to bear on cultivation. Then again, ample capital is necessary, and those specially interested in this side of the question would do well to turn to Mr. H. S. Colt's practical article on "Fruit Growing for Soldiers" in *COUNTRY LIFE* of February 8th. To this article we might add that poultry-keeping could with advantage be run in connection with the fruit farm. The birds, if allowed to run under the trees when the ground is forked up at this season, would in their search for insect life devour scores of troublesome pests. Fruit-growing, poultry-keeping and, let us add, bee-keeping are profitable industries that go well together.

Should Newly Planted Fruit Trees be Pruned?—This question is frequently asked, and it is not surprising that many are debating this point at the present time. Strange to say, fruit-growers are not agreed on this subject. There are growers who ask: "What is the object of a nurseryman sending out trees with young shoots 2ft. or 3ft. long if they are to be cut away when planted?" To this we reply: "If the shoots are left unpruned this year, they will require pruning next year, which is a waste of a whole year in the growth of the tree." With the object of forming a good foundation to a tree as soon as possible, we are strongly in favour of pruning the same season as planting, and if the young wood on a standard tree is, say, 2ft. in length, we advise pruning it back to within 8ins. of its base. In transplanting, the roots are of necessity reduced, and in our experience, if the growth is left unpruned, the tree has not sufficient energy to support satisfactory growth from each bud. Trees cut back now will produce strong shoots this year, and a good foundation for a future crop is assured. The more branches the tree makes, the more roots are there underground. It is important to strike a balance between root and shoot. To plant a tree without reducing its top growth to correspond with its loss of roots is to court failure.

Errors in Planting Fruit Trees.—Deep planting is a common failing, especially on heavy land. We have recently seen instances where trees have been planted, presumably with the object of making an orchard, in which the roots have been placed in waterlogged holes. This is one of the quickest ways of killing trees that we know. Shallow planting and good drainage are essentials to success, and if planting be well done it may be continued until April. Speaking generally, the roots should not be covered with more than 10ins. of soil. Take out holes about 3ft. wide and see that the bottom soil is broken up. Coarse lime rubble and broken bricks will aid drainage if they can be procured. In planting, raise the soil mark of the tree 2ins. or 3ins. above the ground level, and make the soil firm by treading. An excess of manure to young trees, resulting in sappy wood liable to injury by frost, is another common failing and a waste of manure. No manure need be applied at the time of planting. H. C.

ROBINIA HISPIDA.

The beautiful Rose Acacia is one of the most striking of June-flowering shrubs, when in its blooming season the ends

of the branches are loaded with their wealth of rosy pink flowers. For the last 2ft. or more they are set with side twigs that end with the bright, fresh-coloured leaves. Each twig carries the bunch of flowers in an axillary raceme. How closely and richly the blossoms are set may be estimated from the fact that the flower-stem is usually about 4ins. long, but bears as many as a dozen blooms the size of Sweet Peas. The only difficulty about the cultivation of this fine shrub is that it is so excessively brittle that, unless it is constantly watched and the branches carefully fastened to a wall or some support, there is sure to be disaster



A BEAUTIFUL ROSE ACACIA.

from wind or snow or even heavy rain, especially when the branches are carrying their heavy load of bloom.

WHITE WEIGELA.

Among the good flowering shrubs of June are the Diervillas, better known to gardeners by their older name Weigela. Of the coloured kinds there is hardly any one better than the oldest, the pretty pink and white *D. amabilis*. The so-called improvements are of heavier crimson colouring, culminating in the much vaunted dark red *Eva Rathke*, a flower that finds no favour with the writer of this note, the pretty pink and the pure white *D. hortensis nivea* being the only ones grown. The white is a lovely flower of the purest quality, blooming in generous clusters that stand out well from the fresh green foliage. They are all of Japanese origin. G. J.



WHITE WEIGELA.

NATURE NOTES

BIRDS AND THEIR FOOD.

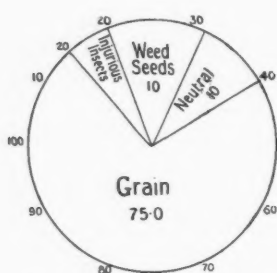
ON January 28th an exhibit was shown by the School Nature Study Union, at the invitation of the Royal Horticultural Society, in their Hall at Westminster. One section of the exhibit was devoted to the subject of "Birds and their Food." It consisted of about sixty stuffed birds accompanied by evidence as to the nature of their food. This evidence was of a twofold character: (1) The contents of the bird's crop or gizzard at the time of death were shown, either in the form of the actual food remains or by means of drawings of the latter as seen through the microscope; (2) wherever possible, this food record of the individual bird was accompanied by coloured diagrams, marking the nature and percentages of the food of the species to which it belonged. These latter calculations were based on the statistics published by Dr. Collinge in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture. His conclusions for any one species were the result of the post-mortem examination of a very large number of individuals. They were quoted at the Westminster exhibition in order that a more unprejudiced decision might perhaps be arrived at than could be done by means of the evidence afforded by a few isolated examples of a species.

It may here be remarked that the School Nature Study Union is in no way more especially concerned with agriculture than with any other aspect of outdoor life. This exhibit, therefore, was not primarily intended to be confined to those birds

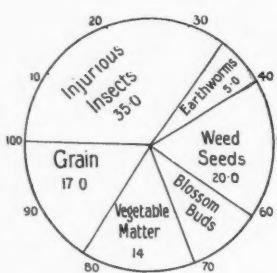
BIRDS DESERVING PROTECTION.

Two skins of the little owl gave rise to much discussion. One of them had been found to have its gizzard filled with nine dor-beetles. The other had made its last meal of beetles, moss and a single down feather, possibly from its own body. This is interesting in the light of the fact that one hears no good word said for the little owl.

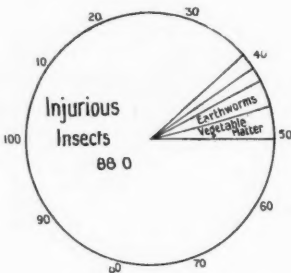
The pellets of indigestible food matter shown with the tawny owl and barn owl revealed nothing but mouse *débris*. Those of the kestrel showed beetle clytra and mouse fur. Dr. Collinge's diagram of the food percentage of the latter bird fully endorses the usefulness of the species. It is said that the gamekeeper, through ignorance and lack of observation, will not desist from killing this beautiful hawk. The record of the individual peewit tallied perfectly with Dr. Collinge's diagram for the species, and there seems no doubt but that this bird is extremely beneficial to agriculture, since it consumes myriads of wireworms and harmful insects. The same is true of the woodpeckers. The remarkable tongue of the green woodpecker was shown, so admirably adapted for securing ants and other insects, 75 per cent. of which are considered to be injurious to man. Among the passerine birds (including the finches, thrushes, titmice, rooks, etc.) it is usual to distinguish the grain-eaters, insect-eaters and birds of mixed diet. Such a classification is only approximately a true one. Few adult birds are either wholly vegetarian or entirely flesh-eating. Moreover, the nest-



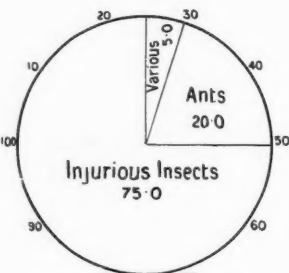
Adult sparrow in an agricultural district.



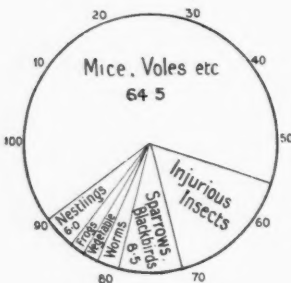
Adult sparrow in a fruit growing district.



Food of nestling house-sparrow.

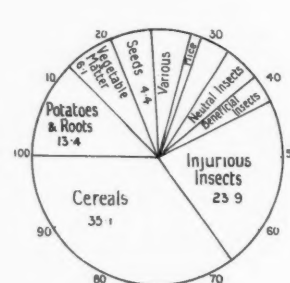


Green woodpecker. "Deserves every protection."



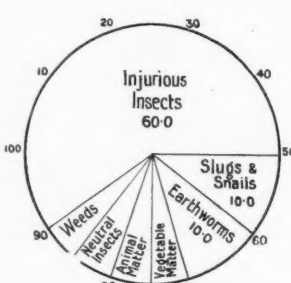
KESTREL.

"It is a bird certainly deserving of very strict protection" (Collinge).



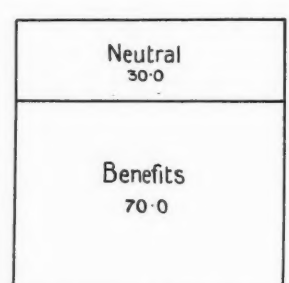
ROOK.

"With the present abundance . . . reasonably repressive measures are very desirable" (Collinge).



PEEWIT (69 Specimens Examined). SUMMARY.

"For some years to come the taking or killing of the birds or the eggs should be prohibited throughout the year" (Collinge).



the nature of whose food makes them either friendly or injurious to man as tiller of the soil. The exhibit was, in fact, the outcome of the practice observed for many years, by those who collected the bird-skins, of examining the crop and gizzard of every bird that came their way.

A WOOD-PIGEON'S DIET.

It has been pointed out already that one cannot judge the nature of a bird's food exclusively by the records of a few individuals. As a case in point, the wood-pigeon on the table was found to have its crop stuffed with hawthorn leaves; several others have had their crops full of acorns, yet no one can seriously uphold this species as being harmless. But the fact that not a single bird exhibited was killed for the purpose of the collection, much less for the investigation of its gizzard, seems to add a special value to the evidence given by the single individual. A hundred birds shot over corn-fields for economic purposes might well be expected to have wheat in their crops; but a single individual of the same species found dead in a wood with its crop full of acorns gives at least some reason for supposing that the diet of its species may be much less harmful in a wooded district than might have been judged from the evidence of the grain-eaters. Since surprise is often evinced that a large collection of bird-skins can be gathered together by degrees without the use of the gun, it may be of interest to know that the cause of death in the case of the birds exhibited was due to one of these causes: Frost, starvation, concussion, the cat or the gamekeeper.

lings of all passerine birds, including even the grain-eating finches, are fed almost exclusively on an insect diet. The house-sparrow, for instance, though a bird of ill repute, and deservedly so, at least in cereal districts, feeds its young assiduously on caterpillars, greenfly and myriads of other garden pests.

THE FOOD OF SMALL BIRDS.

Among the small birds, perhaps most interest, on January 8th was evinced in the blue tit, whose gizzard revealed a veritable entomological museum with scarcely a trace of vegetable matter. Nor has the owner of this collection found it otherwise with any one of the many blue tits whose gizzards she has examined. The same may be said of the great tit (which seems especially partial to bumble-bees), and of the wren and the robin. The food pellets of rooks, picked up beneath their nesting trees in Scarborough, are composed almost entirely of fish bones and crab shell. Those from Hitchen, collected at the same time of year, reveal a preponderance of grain, showing that birds of mixed diet may be harmless in one district and injurious in another even at the same season. This is probably not the case with the starling. The writer's opinion, that insects form the staple diet of this bird, is based on the investigation of several starlings killed at midsummer by a fruit-grower in Kent on account of their supposed depredations. In every case the amount of insect remains was greatly in excess of that of fruit pulp. It is extremely interesting, on turning to the "Report of the Food found in the Starling," by H. S. Leigh, M.Sc., to read: "The records of this investigation so far show that the

starling, if not too abundant, must certainly be regarded as a friend of the agriculturist." (Supplement to Journal of Board of Agriculture, May, 1916.) Hence, once more, in the case of the starling, the conclusions arrived at by means of casual investigations tally with the results of organised expert work. Could not those who doubt the accuracy of these results test them for themselves? If, for example, the blue tit is seen to strip the tree of buds or fruit, it may possibly be freeing the tree from very injurious insects. If the gizzard of the blue tit is found to be full of buds or fruit, the evidence is irrefutable; if, on the other hand, it is stocked with insect remains, then seeing is believing!

ALICE HIBBERT-WARE, F.I.S.

WILDFOWL AND THE FROZEN LOCH.

For some days and nights the keenness of the frost had not relented, and it was now possible to explore many of the swamps bordering our lowland lochs which ordinarily are quite inaccessible. A veritable bird sanctuary these swamps are during normal times—vast wastes of level rushes, with here and there a rocky island, piled high with drift-wood and thinly timbered with silver birch and pine. The surface of the loch was similarly frozen, except for two patches about the centre, each an acre or so in extent. Both of these patches were simply

swarming with bird life, crowded together over the narrow areas with, it would seem, scarcely room to stretch their wings. It was to be observed that a vast flock of gulls had taken possession of the shallower patch of open water, the cosmopolitan flocks of wild duck, dabchicks and wild geese having to make the best of the patch towards the centre of the loch, where the water must be close upon 100ft. in depth. How these vast flocks of waterfowl manage to obtain sufficient food to keep themselves alive at such times as this is a mystery. All the Highland waters were more or less frozen up, and only the rapidly running stretches of the burns and rivers remained open. Such fowl as are accustomed to flying great distances for their food can doubtless keep going fairly comfortably; but what about the weak-flying, stay-at-home birds—the moorhens, grebes, etc.? Several moorhens observed on the bone-hard swamps seemed hardly able to rise in flight, while for an hour or so we watched a heron, wandering aimlessly about a frozen lagoon, pecking now and then at the rushes in absence of better fare. Also we watched a dipper diving through a blow hole to make long, perilous trips under the ice, returning to the blow hole every few seconds for air. He alone seemed to be enjoying the novelty of the situation, for it is not reasonable to think that the diving birds far out in the centre of the loch were able to "touch bottom" at so great a depth.

H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

LITERATURE

Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses, by Thomas Hardy.
(Macmillan and Co., Limited.)

THERE are a few of the greatest types of literature that dominate the mood of the reader. To these Mr. Hardy's verses belong. Whether they are familiar or not, the reading of them banishes all peevish and worrying thought. For the time being the mind is surrendered to the enchanter. The reason would appear to be that the poet shares with the greatest writers who ever lived that constant vision of the life of man, its vicissitudes and brevity, its little turmoils and endless sleep. All that came into my mind on turning over the leaves of the new volume, *Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses*, which contains many old favourites. It called up from distant days a memory from the sea side. It was evening with a red, westering sun, a sea almost still, and a merry crowd who by chance had approached a little church where a patriarchal voice was reading from the Book of Ecclesiastes. The passage is one of the most arresting in literature. It was beautifully read.

Nobody can read the Bible without a Bible accent. This accent is partly due to the custom and legend generated in the course of centuries. But it must have had its origin in the solemn truths dealt with. In this case the voice was strong and clear, in spite of the reader's age. The passage was that unmatched description of death without any of the make-believes with which men of all ages have tried to hide its grim reality.

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

The voice of the reader calling up this picture of the end, when the mourner shall "go about the streets" and "the silver cord be loosed," fell on the ear like the stroke of "the surly, sullen bell." One has heard a similar effect produced by a mother reading to her little girl from "The Pilgrim's Progress," her voice showing at once an anxiety to make the passage understood to the young mind and a sense of that dim journey which Christian has to pursue.

The hold of "The Pilgrim's Progress" upon the imagination is that Christian is "Everyman." His burden is Everyman's. So are his hopes, hesitations and fears. The particular passage is not the most notable, but it has in its very plainness the characteristic quality of the book:

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair,

who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

What one means may be better exemplified perhaps by a reference to those passages which describe the passing over of Mr. Honest and Mr. Valiant-for-the-truth.

After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-the-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true, that his pitcher was broken at the fountain, (Eccles. xii. 6.) When he understood it he called for his friends and told them of it. Then said he, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the troubles I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him who can get it."

These illustrations are mentioned in the hope that they suggest in some degree the mood into which Hardy has the power to throw his readers even at the opening of the book. Here, too, is a writer who treats of time always in its relation to eternity. It may come up as a message from a face that has long passed into darkness seen in the gloom.

"O I am tired of waiting," she said,
"Night, morn, noon, afternoon;
So cold it is in my lonely bed,
And I thought you would join me soon!"

I rose and neared the window-glass,
But vanished thence had she;
Only a pallid moth, alas,
Tapped at the pane for me.

Or it may come as a memory of the past:

How dry it was on a far-back day
When straws hung the hedge and around,
When amid the sheaves in amorous play
In curtained bonnets and light array
Moved a bevy now underground!

The same impression is created by the little poem in memory of William Barnes, dated October 11th, 1886:

Looking hard and harder I knew what it meant—
The sudden shine sent from the livid east scene;
It meant the sun mirrored by the coffin of my friend there,
Turning to the road from his green.

To take his last journey forth—he who in his prime
Trudged so many a time from that gate athwart the land!
Thus a farewell to me he signalled on his grave-way
As with a wave of his hand.

The attraction here is that the thought of the poet, roughly as it may be expressed, is the same as that of many natural sounds. Sir Walter Scott caught it in the breeze sighing through the fir tops; Tennyson in the noise of running water. During the war imagination found it in those distant rumblings which told of battle on the French and Flemish lines. A moorland peasant well known to the writer found it in the night call of the curlew. No higher tribute can be paid to Mr. Hardy's verse than to say that an echo of this

voice which has been heard through so many ages in different notes invades his line as one reads the phrases, often harsh and crude, often merely ejaculatory, but always in touch with the invisible.

JELlicoe ON JUTLAND

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

The Grand Fleet, 1914-16: Its Creation, Development and Work, by Admiral Viscount Jellicoe of Scapa, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O. With 9 Plates and 13 Plans and Diagrams. (Cassell, 31s. 6d.).

THE eager anticipation of revelations with which Lord Jellicoe's book was awaited has been abundantly fulfilled. Many inaccurate conceptions of the situation in the North Sea will be dispelled by its publication, and many hasty opinions of the manner in which the Battle of Jutland was fought will need reconsideration. Unavoidably, the Admiral's disclosures are largely concerned with technical matters, but it must not, therefore, be assumed that the book will be found tedious and unattractive by the general reader. On the contrary, it is in every sense a work of absorbing interest. Apart from the fascinating narratives of action, the disquieting facts relating to the condition of the Fleet when Lord Jellicoe took over the command should come as a direct warning to the people. It is for them to decide whether we shall ever again be caught in such a state of unreadiness on an outbreak of war.

In several chapters of the book, Lord Jellicoe unfolds the marvellous story of the untiring work of the seamen amid the Northern mists—work which it should never be forgotten saved civilisation in both hemispheres from desolation and ruin. The period covered begins with the opening of hostilities, and the movements of the fleets, squadrons, and flotillas are described down to the time when the author relinquished the command in November, 1916, and, at the request of Mr. Balfour, accepted the post of First Sea Lord at the Admiralty. Here is set forth day by day the record of the risks run and perils averted in the performance of duty under climatic and weather conditions of severity most trying. In those early days, the seas were far safer than the harbours, for by swift movement and skilful manoeuvring comparative security was obtained in the former, while the latter were unprotected against either the over or under water assaults of the enemy. Only when it was absolutely necessary for the purpose of refuelling or replenishing ammunition and stores were the ships at anchor, and when they were, there was always the liability of being suddenly obliged to depart owing to the reported appearance of a submarine in the anchorage. This was what usually happened on such an occasion:

The whole of the ships present were ordered to raise steam with all despatch, and to prepare for torpedo attack, and the small craft, such as drifters, steamboats, motor-boats, yachts, etc., which had steam ready and which could be collected, were at once organised in detachments to steam up and down the lines at high speed and outside the Fleet, with the object of confusing the submarine and endeavouring to ram her, if sighted. Colliers and store ships which had steam ready were directed to weigh anchor and to go alongside the battleships that were not fitted with torpedo nets, in order to act as a form of protection against torpedoes fired at these valuable vessels. All ships in the outer lines were directed to burn searchlights to locate and confuse the submarine.

From these chapters, as well as from those dealing with the organisation of the Grand Fleet, a clear notion is obtained of the difficult problems with which the seamen, and especially those in responsible positions afloat, were faced in the early days of the struggle. It will come as a surprise to many who have believed that, whatever may have been the case elsewhere, the readiness of the Navy was beyond question, to learn how many defects and shortcomings made themselves manifest when the test of war was applied. Such an obvious precaution as securing the principal bases to be used by the Fleet against torpedo attacks had been neglected. At Scapa, on the arrival of the ships, some kind of protection was improvised, but there are several entrances to the roadstead, and it was many months before adequate defence was provided. Cromarty and Rosyth were in little better state.

The provision of fast small craft, light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, patrol boats, mine-sweepers, and the like, was most inadequate. At the outset, the proportion of German to British destroyers in the two Fleets was 88 to 42, and, owing to the requirements elsewhere, there was a shortage of this class of vessel up to almost the very last. In submarines also, so far as those capable of operating at long distance were concerned, the Germans were better provided. In addition to the deficiency of small craft, there

were weaknesses in the heavier ships, which eventually were to lead to loss in battle. Not only was our armour to prove inferior to that of the Germans, but the battle cruisers were insufficiently protected. Then, again, the Germans possessed a more efficient armour-piercing shell which burst inside the armour of our ships, whereas our shells, through lack of an effective fuse, failed to do the same against the enemy's vessels. The mine-layers and mine-sweepers required for the Fleet were eventually provided, but Lord Jellicoe notes on more than one occasion the absence of this particular kind of material, and says, moreover, that when we did come to lay minefields "the success of our work was unfortunately handicapped by defects in the pattern of mine in use at the time."

Above and beyond all these shortcomings, there were the refits and repairs which wear and tear demanded, and which were aggravated by defects which developed in guns and machinery. The result was that there were often times when the superiority of the Grand Fleet over the German forces was very much below the 60 per cent. supposed to have been provided for in peace time. At the time of the loss of the *Audacious* Lord Jellicoe had under his command only seventeen effective Dreadnought battleships to the fifteen in the German Fleet, and five battle cruisers to their four, apart from the *Blücher*. Yet, despite the narrow margin of superiority, and the other disturbing factors, the journal of proceedings shows that the British Fleet was constantly pursuing an aggressive policy, continuously sweeping down into the Heligoland Bight or across to the Skager Rack, trailing its coat-tails under the very eyes of the enemy.

HOW JUTLAND WAS FOUGHT.

It is beyond a doubt that the most captivating part of the book for the general reader is that which deals with the great battle off the coast of Jutland on May 31st, 1916. No one, of course, can write with fuller knowledge of all the facts than the author, who was not only present as Commander-in-Chief of the British Fleet, but had trained that Fleet to fight just such a battle. So much was this the case that Lord Jellicoe records how, in the midst of the engagement, when the Fleet had been brought into battle line and the ships were exchanging salvos with those of the enemy, the Chief of the Staff, Sir Charles Madden, remarked to him: "This is all going according to expectation." There has been some criticism of the British Admirals at Jutland, either that they were too rash or too cautious, and of Lord Jellicoe it has been suggested that had he handled the Fleet somewhat differently the defeat of the Germans would have been even more decisive than it was. There is not a word in the book to indicate that the Commander-in-Chief is attempting to answer his critics, or defending his action. His narrative is merely a plain, straightforward statement of facts, with explanations here and there of the reasons for each of the decisions he arrived at. Here at last the critics have some solid ground to go upon, for all earlier deductions and assertions have avowedly been made on incomplete or untrustworthy evidence.

Most people are familiar with the earlier circumstances of the action. By a coincidence, and nothing more, the two Fleets had come out into the North Sea on the same day. The British force, in its usual formation, was making one of its customary sweeps, the battle-cruisers under Beatty being some distance in advance of the main body. Similarly, the High Seas Fleet was standing to the northward for the purpose, it is conjectured by Lord Jellicoe, of surprising and overwhelming our light cruiser squadrons. Admiral Scheer likewise had sent his battle-cruisers under von Hipper some distance ahead of his Battle Fleet. Both these forces again were preceded by still lighter craft, and it was these vessels which, shortly after two in the afternoon, sighted one another, and communicated the news to their heavier consorts. The instructions for battle-cruisers are given in the chapter dealing with the organisation of the Fleet. Therein there was laid down the principle that:

In action their primary function was the destruction of the similar enemy vessels if present, and, after their destruction or in their absence, to attack the van of the enemy's Battle Fleet. Prior to action their duty was defined as giving information as to the enemy's Battle Fleet, whilst denying similar information to the enemy. The Vice-Admiral commanding the Battle Cruiser Fleet was given a free hand to carry out these general instructions.

Accordingly, Sir David Beatty attacked the similar vessels of the enemy and fought them as they fell back on the Battle Fleet, and when he had gained touch with that force he turned about and hurried northwards to meet his leader, who with all the British battleships was speeding southwards to join action. It was in that first phase of the engagement

that the *Indefatigable* and *Queen Mary* were sunk, a loss which is attributed by the author to the lack of sufficient armour protection in those ships.

Not until 6.14 p.m. was the first definite information of the position of the enemy's Battle Fleet received by Lord Jellicoe on board his flagship. At that time the Battle Fleet was organised in six divisions, four ships in each, disposed in six parallel columns. The *King George V* was leading the 1st Division on the extreme left; the *Iron Duke* (Fleet Flagship) the 3rd Division from the left; and the *Marlborough* the 6th Division on the extreme right. It now became necessary to assume the order of battle, and to do this the ships had to be formed in a single line on the Divisional Flagship, either of the left, or right, wing—that is to say, to be turned to the left and follow the *King George V*, Admiral Jerram's flagship, or to the right and follow the *Marlborough*, the flagship of Admiral Sir Cecil Burney. The Commander-in-Chief decided upon the former method of deployment, and this has been criticised as turning away from the enemy. But the reasons assigned by Lord Jellicoe in his book appear to be sound and entirely conclusive, while, moreover, the Admiral himself says: "The further knowledge which I gained of the actual state of affairs after the action confirmed my view that the course adopted was the best in the circumstances."

The only objection to the turn to the left seems to have been that since the battle cruisers under Sir David Beatty were passing across the front of the Battle Fleet at the moment of deployment, it was necessary for the latter to slightly slacken speed until the cruisers had drawn away to the eastward. But some time before this the German Admiral, having mistaken the battle cruisers under Sir Horace Hood for the leading ships of the British Battle Fleet, had begun to turn away his ships, and these had, in fact, assumed the position of a retiring fleet, as was expected of them under such circumstances. Twice later on Lord Jellicoe slightly

turned his line from the enemy, a manoeuvre adopted to baffle the torpedo attack which Admiral Scheer launched to cover his retreat. The actual distance between the opposed ships was thereby increased by something over 1,000 yds. when the average range varied from 12,000 yds. to 15,000 yds. Here, again, it has been said that Lord Jellicoe might have turned his ships towards the enemy instead of away from them, but this seems to be beside the mark, since, whichever way the ships were turned—and such a step was admittedly necessary—the range was altered and the control of fire interfered with for the time. It is absolutely clear from Lord Jellicoe's detailed and circumstantial narrative that the actual cause which operated to prevent a closer and more decisive action was the failing light, the evening mist, and the smoke of both fleets, which overhung and obscured the scene of action.

The wisdom of the course taken by Lord Jellicoe during the night following the battle has also been the subject of discussion, but he and Sir David Beatty were in agreement that it was not desirable "to close the enemy battle fleet during the dark hours." Substantial reasons for not fighting the night action were that the German organisation for this purpose was better than ours, for both their searchlights and secondary armaments were supplied with director control, and they had star-shells which illuminated their assailants without revealing their own whereabouts. So, although our destroyer flotillas put in some good fighting, the German Fleet was able to double back, and got behind the shelter of its minefields before morning. It was a beaten fleet, and the Germans have admitted that the Kaiser's claims of a victory were mere camouflage intended to disguise the actual and disastrous condition of affairs. The final surrender of the German Fleet is the best commentary on the outcome of the battle and that which had mainly contributed to it—the sound judgment of the British Commander-in-Chief.

THE HAMPTON COURT GARDENS

It is not everybody who, being well acquainted with the gardens at Hampton Court and loving and admiring them as they deserve, will condemn the alterations which have been recently made in them, and which have been lately criticised in the public Press; nor will everybody prejudge, without fuller knowledge, what is said to be further contemplated in them. Several years, even, before the war the pruning of the old yew trees, which are the main feature of the Great Fountain or East Garden, had been begun—much to their advantage in growth and appearance. For these interesting remnants of London and Wise's lay-out for William III, formerly trimmed in conical or pyramidal shapes of uniform size, had been allowed, since the death

of George II, to run wild, so that they developed lop-sided, straggling branches, some half bare, others strangled with ivy, others more like survivals on the "Pilgrim's Way," or on some village green, than the stately, regular ornaments of a great palatial formal garden. The result was that in the course of the last 150 years more than half of them had perished.

When the knife was first applied to:

The ivy which had hid their princely trunks,
And sucked the verdure out on 'em

there was the inevitable outcry from sentimentalists, who, filled with churchyard romantics about "ivy-mantled



IRISH YEWS AT HAMPTON COURT.

towers," "yew-trees' shade" and "moping owls," and so on, bewailed the "vandalism" which freed the trees from their picturesque parasite. Its practical result, however, has been that no more of the old yews have perished, and that they have been so concentrated by trimming and clipping into shapes, pyramidal, globular or bulbous, as to have lost their scraggy, transparent appearance and have come to harmonise far better than they used with the formal lines on which these gardens are laid out. They make a better contrast, moreover, with the brighter green of the turf, from which their gnarled stems, now stripped of the side shoots that too long obscured their forms, stand up clothed in their coats of russet bark.

This is not the only alteration recently carried out in this part of the great garden. Already before the war, it is understood, the filling-up of the flower-beds between the yew trees had been contemplated. Indeed, as far back as 1899 the beds, which then immediately surrounded the stems of the trees, had been turfed over, for the very sufficient reason, apart from æsthetic ones, that the flowers refused to flourish under such conditions. Not, therefore, altogether as a war economy were the flower-beds between the yews around the fountain and those along the diagonal walks turfed over three years ago; and not on the ground of economy only may this action be justified. Many, indeed, who, from old associations, might have shrunk from the change, have come to be more reconciled to it. Certainly, the flowers that were planted in these beds, overshadowed by the branches of the yew trees, and carrying on a ceaseless struggle with them for nourishment and moisture, gave the least satisfactory results of any in the gardens. Their cost could be turned to better account in the gardens in other ways; and the balance of expert opinion unquestionably approves of what has been done in this case.

Another improvement in the great East Garden, carried out during the war, deserves to be noticed. It is the stripping off of the ivy which had obscured it for 100 years or more from the old brick garden wall of Sir Christopher Wren's building at the north end of the garden in line with the

Flower-Pot Gate. This now-revealed wall, with its panels of purple brick, its pilasters of rubbed red brick and Portland stone, and its alternate doorways and niches of the same, is a characteristic example, as yet quite unknown to most people, of late seventeenth century English garden architecture.

In the same spirit the similar pilasters which divide into panels the wall stretching the whole length of the Broad Walk and forming the background to the great herbaceous border have been freed from the creepers and roses, too long ruthlessly nailed on to them, so that, now obscured no longer, they greatly aid in setting forth the flowers grouped in the panels between them.

Within the last few months a pruning and trimming has also been begun on the yew trees in the King's Priory Garden, where it was even more required than in the East Garden; while a much needed clearing away has been also effected there of overgrown and tangled trees and shrubs, which had been little attended to since they were not very judiciously stuck in some thirty years ago, and which, in their unchecked growth, were more and more obscuring the original lines and features of this charming old garden. Will there be found anyone to regret the removal of two forest trees—cypresses—planted thirty years ago in this garden, thrust into the original line of alternate pyramid yews and globular variegated hollies, into which they were rapidly eating? Here, again, the results of the recent alterations are likely to commend themselves to most lovers of old-world gardens.

The still further turfing over of flower-beds in the great East Garden—those on the east side of the Broad Walk—was a more questionable proposal which has been abandoned in deference to representations by the Hampton Wick District Council. The loss of colour here, apart from the beauty of the flowers, would have been greatly missed by visitors.

That there was ever an intention on the part of the authorities of removing the beautiful rhododendron, azalea, and fine foliage beds, or of altering the arrangements in what remains of Henry VIII's old "Pond Garden," we find it quite impossible to believe.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALE OF SEGONTIUM, CARNARVON.

MORE may soon be known about Segontium, seeing that a syndicate of antiquaries, among them Mr. Willoughby Gardner of Deganwy, has purchased certain fields forming its site, at the sale of the outlying portions of the Vaynol estate a few days ago. Segontium has been badly treated in the past, part of its walls having, it is said, been pulled down and used in the building of Carnarvon Castle, and there has been much destructive work of other sorts there. It may be taken for granted that whatever operations are now carried out will be conducted with due regard for the historical importance of the spot. The fact that many objects of antiquarian interest have been already unearthed in the locality encourages the hope that intelligent investigation of the site may throw light upon centuries which must have witnessed a series of events of no ordinary interest.

Vaynol was owned by the late Sir Charles Assheton-Smith. A total of more than £90,000 was obtained under the hammer of Messrs. William Dew and Son and R. Arthur Jones for the portions sold. At no auction in recent years have the tenants shown greater eagerness to acquire their holdings, the spirited competition and high prices affording the fullest confirmation of what may sometimes seem to be exaggerated assertions as to the "land hunger" of the Welsh farmer. A generous scale of deferred payments was formulated for the benefit of the purchasing tenants. Part of Trefarthen was purchased on behalf of the Anglesey County Council, and Mr. J. E. Greaves, Lord-Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire, gave £6,900 for farms on the outskirts of Carnarvon having a total area of just over 300 acres. Purchases by the tenants included the farm of Cae Mawr, Llanginwen, of 114 acres, for £4,600; and there were many buyers from a distance. A Lancashire farmer secured Glan-yr-Afon Bach, 142 acres close to Carnarvon, for £4,100.

The late Mr. W. S. Cunard's executors have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to dispose of the estate known as Villa La Primavera, St. Jean, near Beaulieu, between Nice and Monte Carlo. The late owner expended a very large sum of money in rebuilding the mansion. The grounds are bounded on three sides by the Mediterranean, and contain terrace walks, a classical pergola, paved gardens, cypress avenue, orange and olive groves, and water and wild gardens in miniature. The property is to be offered for sale at Nice shortly, the sale of the contents of the villa following immediately afterwards. The furniture includes Chippendale, Sheraton and Hepplewhite items, a collection of old Persian rugs, and a great deal of valuable china, as well as pictures and coloured prints.

It may be well to give a reminder of the impending sales of two or three important estates which have been already referred to in these columns. One of them is the late Mr. C. A. Egerton's Sussex seat, Mountfield Court, with nearly 1,800 acres, between Battle and Robertsbridge. Besides the

principal mansion, there is a sixteenth century house known as The Barks, Blackmore Park, Malvern, to be sold by order of the Duke of Gandolfi, is another notable entry in the Hanover Square list for the early spring.

Cardinal Manning's birthplace, Copp'd Hall, is now in the market for private treaty through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. In the grounds is a summer-house in which Lord Lytton wrote many of his novels. The house, in the Italian style, was, until his death, the home of the late Sir Samuel Bagster Boulton, and it is in many respects one of the nicest residential properties within a ten-mile radius of the City. As a matter of fact, it is only nine miles from the Marble Arch.

Next month Mr. Croyke Sairweather of Avisford Park, Arundel, enters into possession of Stoodleigh Court, Tiverton, which he has purchased from the Hon. H. B. Money-Coutts. It is understood that Mr. Sairweather intends to pursue a policy similar to that of his predecessors at Stoodleigh Court, in the breeding of Shire horses and the general advancement of agricultural interests in the fertile and beautiful country along the Exe.

The Marquis of Winchester is about to sell Amport St. Mary, near Andover. The mansion is arranged on thoroughly modern lines, the principal bedrooms being planned in suites with bathrooms, and there is a fine central hall in oak, with oak staircase and gallery. The house is ready for immediate occupation, an important consideration now that it is so difficult to get building and decorative work done, even on the most modest scale. The park of 300 acres is of singular beauty. From an agricultural standpoint the estate is of great value, as there are eight large farms and numerous small holdings. The woodlands extend to 1,000 acres, and afford first-rate sporting. If the property is not privately sold, Messrs. Mabbett and Edge will bring it to the hammer in lots.

Following the sale of South Hall, Basingstoke, Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker are about to offer the surplus furniture and effects. The firm is also selling Windwhistle, 58 acres, at Monstoke, Holmehurst, Burley, with contents, and other properties, including Coombe Down, at Hambledon. Next week, at Winchester House, Messrs. Wilson and Co. will offer Wanborough Manor, the sixteenth century house and 1,700 acres near Guildford and Farnham. The sale is fixed for Thursday, the 27th inst.

In the course of the summer it is intended to offer Knossington Grange, Oakham, Mr. A. Lauderdale Duncan's estate. The stone-built and mullioned mansion stands 600ft. above sea level in the midst of 374 acres. There is extensive stabling, a matter of the first moment in what is perhaps the best hunting district in England, the Cottesmore, Quorn, Mr. Fernie's and the Belvoir country. Messrs. Giddy and Giddy are the London agents, and Mr. W. G. S. Rolleston of Leicester is the land agent. Another auction at an early date is that of Knight's Farm, near Banbury, a nice house and nearly 400 acres with mineral rights, and free of tithe and land tax. Messrs. Curtis and Henson are entrusted with the sale.

The latest addition to Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons' list of forthcoming sales is that of Ballards, by order of the late Mr. C. H. Goschen's executors.

ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LURE OF THE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letters, paragraphs and articles now constantly appearing in your pages and elsewhere, regarding settlement of soldiers on the land, promise Utopia. All who wish will have their little farm or market-garden, poultry-run or orchard; the villages will furnish common kitchens, baths and wash-houses; perhaps picture-houses also; certainly light railways or some other means of easy transit to a town. But will those people now so eager to be settled in the country find there permanent content? Will those now flocking with enthusiasm to the land be found upon it five years hence? Is it realised how very few people care for the country sufficiently to be content with rain as well as sunshine, with damp, dreary roads as with the scent of hay? My own experience is that many share, if they do not express, the sentiments of the Parisian who, dragged against his will into a rural ramble, whispered to his neighbour: "Madame, aimez-vous les beautés de la nature? Moi, je les abhorre!" Real appreciation of country life in all seasons and all weathers is rarely found, save in two classes: those in whom it has been firmly fixed from birth, and those who have a certain cultivated taste. I doubt if, in plans now being made, enough attention is given to human nature—*varietas britannica*. Communal baths and kitchens! When have British women ever shown themselves inclined for a co-operative social life? And it is woman who will make or wreck the scheme's success; on her will chiefly fall the inconveniences and drawbacks of a country life—the absence of electric light and gas, of choice of goods, of gay shop windows upon which to feast her eye. If she grows discontented, back to town the man will have to go. Of course, if it is meant to form suburbia from the country there is nothing more to say; for, in our present situation, beauty must give way before utility, and green fields yield to daily bread. Nor would I raise a finger to prevent one genuine lover of the country from being settled there; only suggest that permanent results cannot be safely forecast from present enthusiasm. And after all, to quote the favourite axiom of a valued country friend, whom I can hardly picture in the new style fields and villages we are to see, "Them as lives longest 'll see most."—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

SUTTON SCARSDALE AND MRS. SIDDONS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your last week's issue (of February 15) your account and illustrations of this house appear to me to be both excellent and comprehensive; but I think it might be interesting to many to reproduce the picture of Mrs. Siddons which is hanging in the dining-room and is probably unknown to many of your readers. This picture is 8ft. in height by 5ft. 6in. It is by Harlowe, and represents the great actress as Lady Macbeth. It somewhat resembles the well known portrait of her painted by Lawrence, in the same character; but in majesty of effect, as well as in beauty, I consider it to be superior to the "Lady Macbeth" of the National Gallery. Mrs. Siddons was aunt to Mrs. Robert Arkwright of Sutton Scarsdale.—WILLIAM ARKWRIGHT, Sutton Scarsdale, Chesterfield.

A SPLENDID BUNCH OF MISTLETOE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it might interest your readers to know that a mistletoe bough was cut out of a crab tree on a farm in Shropshire that weighed 45lb. soon after being brought in, and measured 15ft. round and 3ft. 6ins. deep. It was of perfect shape, densely thick, and covered with berries. I should be glad to know whether this is not an unusually large specimen.—MARY J. WOODWARD.

MANGE IN CATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers give me advice about mange in a favourite cat? It has long hair. We put a mange dressing on which cures it in one place, but it comes in another. Will it ever be cured? The cat is stronger than when it was first attacked by the disease, and eats well. I keep it completely indoors so that it may not infect other cats. Is there any mange dressing which is not oily?—A CONSTANT READER OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

[One authority recommends putting the cat to a painless end as the most satisfactory "cure" for mange, but before proceeding to such a drastic

course our correspondent might try dressing the sufferer with warm olive oil with which powdered sulphur has been mixed to the consistency of thickish cream. The body and legs should be covered thoroughly, and then a coat put on the cat. This process should be repeated several times.—ED.]

STATE AFFORESTATION AND TUBERCULOUS SOLDIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the years which have elapsed since the outbreak of war there has been an increase in the incidence of tuberculosis. This entails a further drain on the already depleted economic resources of the Empire and the nation. Each year soldiers have been discharged from the Army suffering from tuberculosis which has been induced or aggravated by the conditions inseparable from warfare, and for whom appropriate treatment and, where necessary, suitable employment must be provided. The employment best suited for the tuberculous soldier whose working capacity has been restored by suitable treatment is that which provides for reasonable muscular effort and for the spending of the greater part of the day in the open air. The problem of afforestation, too long neglected in this country, has become so acute as a result of the war that two members of the Cabinet were recently deputed to investigate it. Our forests and woods have been steadily and

unavoidably thinned and cleared, so that the whole aspect of certain parts of the country, especially in Scotland, has been changed, and it is essential that the process of cutting down should be followed by a systematic and comprehensive scheme of sowing and planting. In such a scheme we have an occupation *par excellence* for the able-bodied tuberculous soldier. The arguments in favour of a scheme of State afforestation for tuberculous soldiers are convincing, and the result will be equally beneficial to the State and the individual. The ravages of the war have placed an increased value on the economic standard of each individual unit. The value of the working capacity of the tuberculous soldier depends on his standard of health, and upon the influence, adverse or beneficial, which the employment he follows exercises on his health and continued capacity for work. It is surely a sound economic principle to allocate to each individual, as far as it is practicable, that form of employment which is best calculated to maintain his general health and working capacity at the highest possible level. Such a principle when carried into actual practice benefits equally the State and the individual. But the greater benefit which would accrue to the State from a comprehensive scheme of afforestation is not immediate but remote. Private effort can never solve the problem, for the obvious reason that he who sows cannot also reap. It is to the State we must look for a broad national policy with regard to afforestation, a policy which will secure the planting with trees of new ground which is considered unsuitable for any other purpose, and the replanting of our depleted woods and forests so that our country may be

enriched and beautified. That the development of afforestation would provide ideal work for the able-bodied tuberculous soldier has been proved by actual experience. In New Zealand large tracts of land which are suitable for nothing else than afforestation have been planted with young trees by the Government. Some years ago an experimental tree planting camp was started for patients who had been successfully treated at the Government Sanatorium. The men were paid the usual rate of wage for planting trees, and the cost of running the camp was charged to the men. The result proved so satisfactory that the Government increased the size of the camp. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the question may be regarded not only from the broad national standpoint, but from the urgent and personal viewpoint of the tuberculous soldier.—E. E. T.

PIGMY ELEPHANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read the article by Mr. Bryden on the Pigmy Elephants with much interest. He should refer to the fossil pigmy elephant of Malta, which was first found by my friend, Dr. Adams, many years ago. It would be of interest to see if the bones, especially of the head and teeth, are at all like the living specimen. I fancy they would have had the same habits, as the Mediterranean presented a great delta-like country with a big river flowing to the Atlantic.—H. H. GODWIN AUSTEN.



THE SUTTON SCARSDALE PICTURE OF MRS. SIDDONS.

A LONELY MONASTERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a Greek monastery in the Jordan Valley; the hills behind are the Moabite range. It would be hard to find a more desolate spot for a monastery. The ground all round is of a white limestone nature, very dusty, and not a blade of grass or green bush grows. The second photograph gives some idea of the formation there. In summer the temperature is often 120deg. in the shade.—M. P., Palestine.

FRENCH CLOCKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should feel grateful if any of your readers would tell me whether there is any history of French clocks obtainable. Your issue of October 19 last illustrates the interior of the "Cube Room," Sudbrook Park, Petersham, and there I see an exact replica of my clock and bracket. It has been in our possession for sixty years, but it is obviously much older than this. The maker is "Beulfer le Jeune à Paris."—R. M. C.

THE WASHINGTON PORTRAIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The portrait of Washington reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE of February 8th is attributed to Charles Willson Peale of Philadelphia. From an interesting and timely book, just published, by M. J. J. Jusserand, "En Amérique Jadis et Maintenant," I learn that a portrait of Washington was painted from life by another American artist, John Trumbull (p. 107). Would anyone of your readers with a knowledge of the subject be kind enough to inform me whether the latter portrait is of Washington also in uniform? I possess a fine old line engraving of him in civil dress and wig—a half length—and, therefore, I should like to ascertain the picture from which it was taken, as it must have been a work of art quite superior to the portrait by Peale. Might it not be one by Major L'Enfant?—J. R.

A BADGER ON THE LAWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to a letter of your correspondent "Juba" in your issue of February 8th, I think I said "G. J.'s" badger might possibly have been digging for worms, but as they would be on the surface after dark, when the badger comes out to forage, he would find them without having to dig. Of course, in dry or frosty weather there would be none above ground. The badger is an intelligent animal, but I hardly think he was "patting the lawn for the purpose of calling the worms from the depths." "G. J." described the grass as being torn up in tufts with deeper holes here and there. This would seem to point to his searching for some root or insect or grub. Badgers are fond of earth-nuts, sometimes called pig-nuts, the tuber of a small plant, *Bunium Flexuosum*, found in fields and woods.—C. McNIVEN.

A PEKINGESE'S PONY CART.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have for a long time past thought of sending you the accompanying



A GREEK MONASTERY IN THE JORDAN VALLEY.

photograph of my Pekingese spaniel in his pony cart, as it has been so much admired, and I think COUNTRY LIFE would do it justice. The dog "Che Foo" died early in the war, and having suffered badly from his heart for two years before his death I used to take him about in this little carriage. The pony "Viking" I brought back from Fair Isle. He follows me everywhere, including up and downstairs indoors, without leading.—M. BEDFORD.

A SQUIRREL IN A RABBIT SNARE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On January 10th the gamekeeper on the estate here (Carnarvonshire) caught a squirrel in an ordinary wire rabbit snare. The snare was set in a well used rabbit run in a small grass field, not far from an oak tree. The squirrel had apparently been prospecting for some of his stores of buried acorns or nuts in the grass, and, returning, had used the rabbit run as a convenient pathway to the tree, thus becoming entangled in the wire. The noose had not caught the animal round the neck, but round the body near the chest, both legs being through the loop. The keeper killed the squirrel before taking it out of the snare, not relishing a bite from the yellow chisel-like teeth! I examined the animal, which was in good condition, with a very fine coat, and noticed the marks of the wire noose round the body. Possibly this incident is worth recording, although other curious cases of the same sort have probably been noted before.—CECIL M. ARCHDALL.

[It seems unnecessary for the gamekeeper to have killed the squirrel.—ED.]



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD'S PEKINGESE TAKING AN AIRING.

HOUSES OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

PITZHANGER MANOR, EALING.—II

THE COUNTRY RETREAT OF SIR JOHN SOANE

It is singular that Soane apparently saw nothing incongruous in adding work of such a highly individual character, as this villa of his at Ealing, on to the "elegant" and "exquisite" work of his first master, G. Dance, R.A. There is evidence that in the early part of 1810 Soane was considering an extension of the back, or garden front, of the Ealing house, which was to be carried up to the full height, like a Spanish "Mirador," above the low terrace over the basement extension. It was all to be of glass, except for the pilaster strips and architraves that were to form the main framing. The decision to part with the property, evidently a reluctant one on Soane's part, put an end to any further developments of this nature.

General Cameron, the purchaser, took possession at Christmas, 1810, and Soane, writing in 1835, adds that: "Various alterations were made by the General, and by those who succeeded him, both in the exterior and the interior of the house, offices and pleasure grounds, many of the venerable and lofty trees were cut down and sold, a large portion of the columns and other architectural relics, which formed the ruins were removed, and the site thereof metamorphosed into a flower parterre, and ultimately to a depôt for coal, wood and ashes, by these changes the character of the place has been destroyed and the former Gothic scenes and intellectual banquets of Pitzhanger are no more."

To understand the veteran architect's mournful allusion to past scenes and festivities it must be explained that on the right of the Soane addition to Dance's south wing, and occupying the site of the original north wing, was an open

really represent a structure raised by the Romans, it can hardly be necessary for me to state, one of my objects was to ridicule those fanciful architects and antiquarians who, finding a few pieces of columns, and sometimes only a few single stones, proceeded on these slender data to imagine



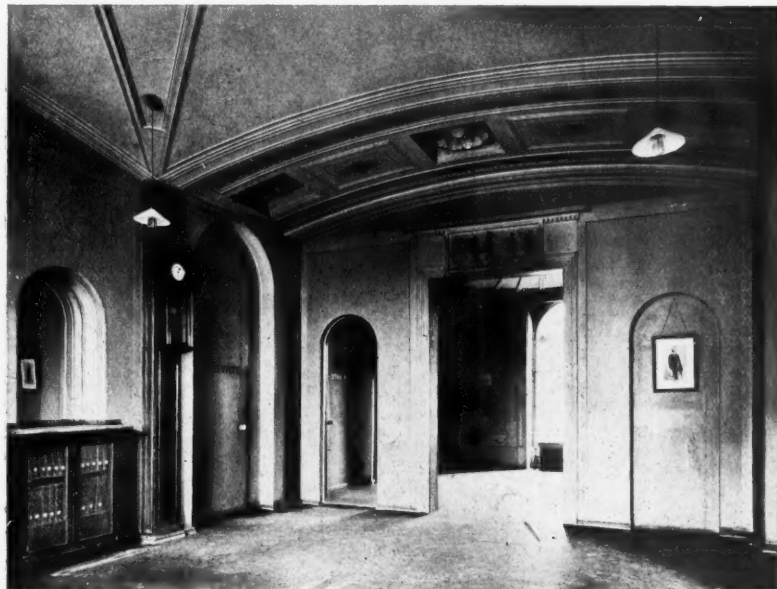
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WATER-COLOUR INTERIOR AT THE SOANE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

magnificent buildings and by whom small fragments of tessellated pavements were magnified into splendid remains of Roman greatness which were given to the world in the most pompous and expensive style."

"The drawings of the ruins in their present state and the attempts made to represent the edifice in its ancient grandeur were sources of amusement to the numerous persons visiting this place, particularly on the three days of the Ealing Fair, held on the Green in front of the Manor House. On those days it was the custom for our friends to visit us by a general invitation, and it was not unusual to entertain two hundred persons to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*; many of whom, after contemplating the ruins and drawings, communicated their sentiments on the subject, which created a constant source of intellectual enjoyment."

In the sale particulars of the property in June, 1832, preserved in the Soane Library, Pitzhanger is described as "for many years the admired residence of John Clifton, Esq., dec." Evidently he was one of those mentioned by Soane as successors of General Cameron. The property is given as twenty-eight acres, situated six miles from Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park. The drawing-room is given as 19ft. by 15ft.; library, 21ft. by 15ft.; and breakfast parlour, 15ft. by 13ft. The last being described as "a Marble Room," from which it appears that both walls and ceiling were marbled, no doubt like the caryatides which still remain. This fact throws a good deal of light on the development of the famous breakfast-room at the Soane, which is clearly an offshoot of the



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

court with a colonnade leading to a court of sham ruins, of the type of the well known example at Virginia Water, devised by Paul Sandby.

Soane gives drawings and descriptions of this structure and adds: "Whether the description and drawings (of the ruins) are the offspring of a lively fancy, or whether they

earlier work. The flat, incised treatment of both domes is quite in character with the idea of surfaces of marble inlay.

At Ealing the chimneypiece in this same room is a good specimen of the use of coloured marbles—red, yellow and white are employed with a fret inlay. The "Conservatory" is mentioned, and of the two Dance Rooms the lower is called

the dining-room (30ft. by 22ft. by 16ft.), while the room over is given as a billiard-room (30ft. by 21ft. by 12ft.). The entrance hall is described as marbled and bronzed. Probably the mouldings were bronzed as was the case in the drawing-rooms at the Soane.

With these particulars thus fortunately preserved as well as the two perspectives in colour it is possible to form a very complete idea of the Ealing house as lived in by John Soane, R.A., in the first decade of the nineteenth century. Antiques and casts were displayed in most, if not all, of the rooms, in the upper drawing-room or saloon were pictures, books and rare MSS., as this was, in fact, the beginning of the future Soane Museum. The majority of these exhibits were removed to Lincoln's Inn Fields when Soane sold the Ealing house.

In the basement the breakfast-room was a "Monk's Parlor," and next to it was "a model room" with statues, architectural details and the like. This, again, was the original of the more complete locale of "Padre Giovanni," who was re-established at No. 13, in 1824, beneath the new Picture Gallery, or present Hogarth Room, built in that year. There is, therefore, a valuable connection between the Ealing country house and the London home of Sir John Soane, each explains the other, and both throw a profound light upon the interesting personality of the founder of the House, Museum and Library of Sir John Soane in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON, F.S.A.
Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum.

ENGLISH DELFT OF THE XVIIth CENTURY.

Blue Dash Chargers, by E. A. Downman. (Werner Laurie, 15s.).

THE history of early English pottery has until recently been much neglected. Of Staffordshire in the days of Wedgwood we have been told much. But the extent to which "delft" was made at various places in England during the period when Dutch ware became excellent and prevalent—that is, during the second half of the seventeenth century—has been too much left to conjecture. The word "Lambeth" has been largely used generically as a cover to ignorance. Hence Mr. Downman's monograph on *Blue Dash Chargers* is a welcome addition to our knowledge. Many of us have seen, known and even owned one or more of these large saucer-shaped plates, averaging some 14 ins. across, brightly if rudely painted with a representation of a crowned king or an armour-clad field-marshal, of Adam and Eve or a group of tulips. The frequent presence of William III or the Duke of Marlborough has given a general date; but where made—whether, indeed, they were a Dutch importation or a native product—long remained uncertain. A dozen localities have been suggested; but

Mr. William Pountney, digging on the sites of the Brislington and Temple Backs Potteries, has established Bristol as their place of origin, for he has unearthed numberless potsherds displaying the blue dots or strokes at the edge which have earned for this ware the name of blue dash chargers. One Edward Ward acquired the Brislington Pottery in 1670 and added that of Temple Backs in 1683, and at the latter place he and his family continued to manufacture until 1749. As the dated pieces and the personages represented fall within that period, it is probable that the ware was the exclusive production of these two factories. There may have been something like it made earlier in England, and Holland will assuredly have been the source of inspiration, since these plates and shallow bowls, decorated in gay colours with birds, beasts and flowers became usual before the close of the sixteenth century. But the type of dish, so carefully considered, described and illustrated by Mr. Downman may now confidently be labelled Ward Pottery.



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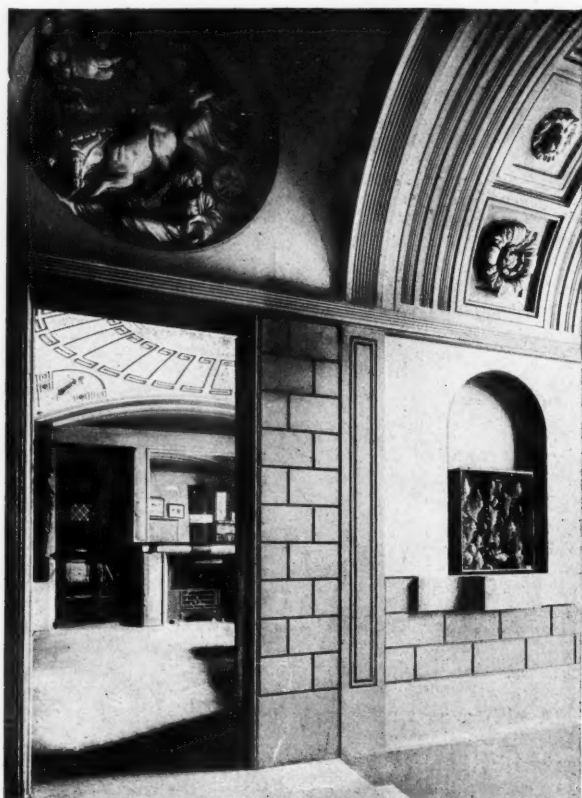
WATER-COLOUR INTERIOR AT THE SOANE.

"C.L."



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DOMED PARLOUR.



ENTRANCE VESTIBULE.

"C.L."